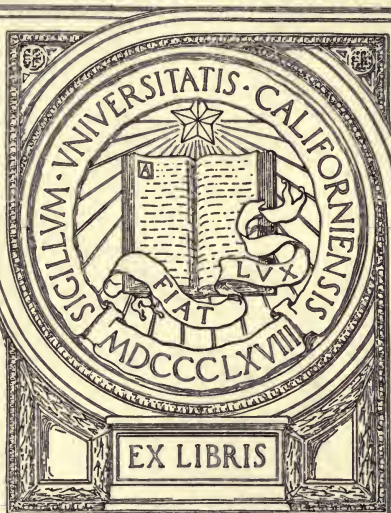
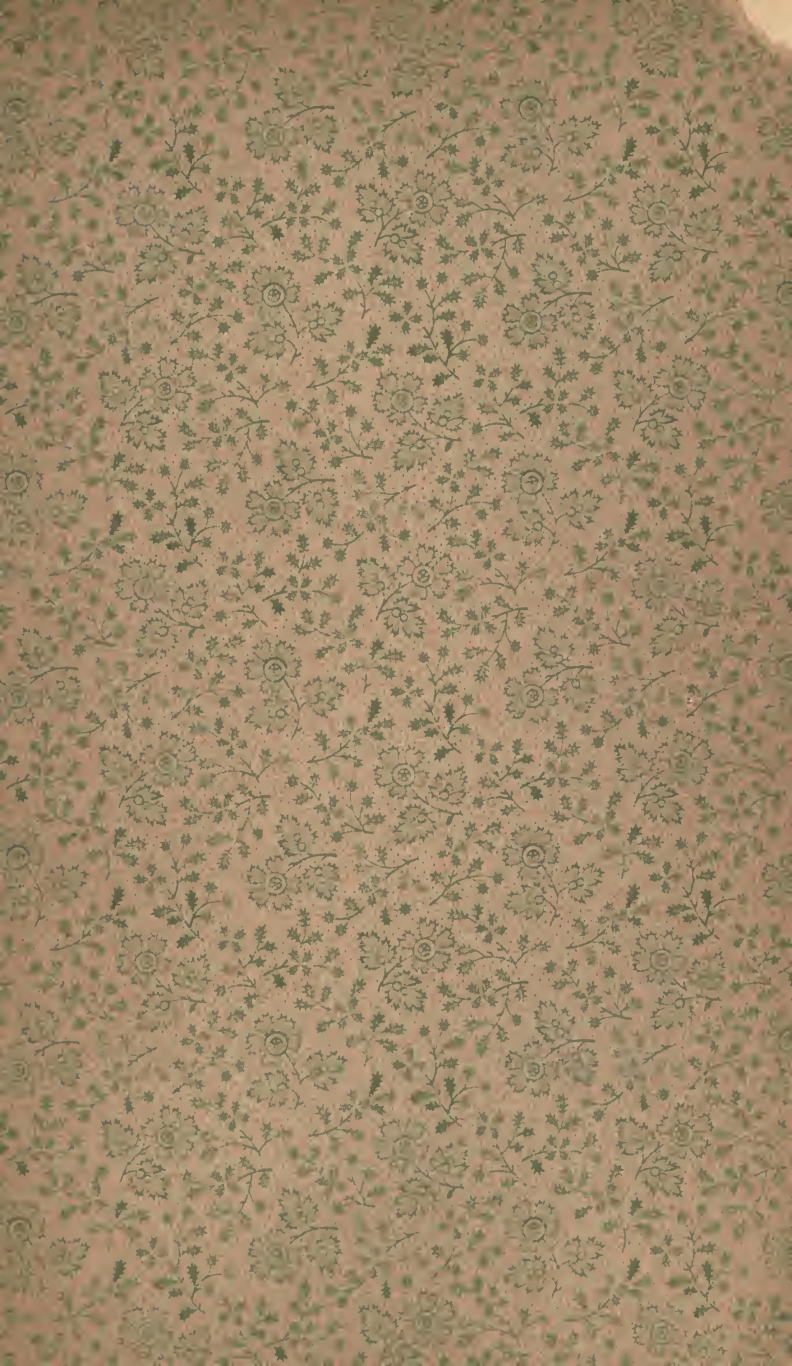


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Days  
in  
Japan

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SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN JAPAN





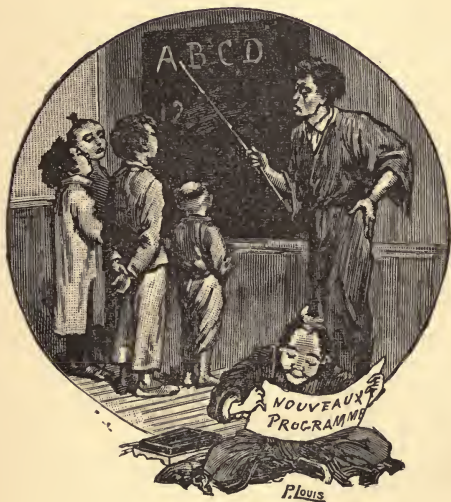




# SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN JAPAN

BY  
ANDRÉ LAURIE

TRANSLATED BY LAURA E. KENDALL



Illustrated

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**CARPENTIER**

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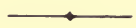
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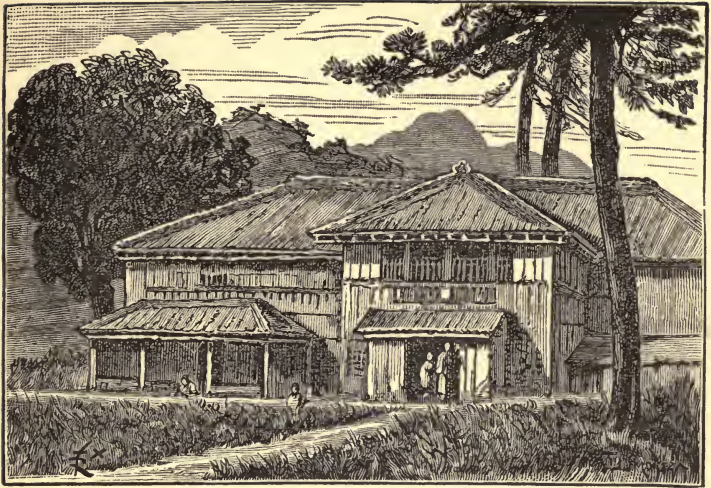
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# SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN JAPAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE DAIMIO'S CASTLE.

“DO come on, Shakespeare! If you persist in lagging behind and pulling on the rope in this manner, your weight will send your heels over your head presently!”

This warning seemed by no means superfluous. The party was ascending Mt. Ravacha, one of the highest peaks in the northern part of Nippon, the principal island of the Empire of the Rising Sun, or, in other words, of Japan.

The organizer of the expedition, M. Duplay, a French *savant*, noted for his extended travels through Asia, his

geographical and geological researches generally, and his treatise upon the Oriental languages, had consented to take with him not only his son, Gerard, and his daughter, Alice, but a Japanese youth, the son of a prominent Tokio magistrate, who, being an ardent admirer of everything European, had burdened his offspring with the ambitious and high-sounding name of Shakespeare, a cognomen doubly unfortunate in the present instance, inasmuch as it is pronounced even more incorrectly in Japan — where people say Chexspile — than in Paris, where they call it Chexspire.

The region was wild and almost uninhabited, it being far removed from the railroads, which have increased with marvellous rapidity of late years in other parts of the kingdom; but Alice and Gerard, accustomed from their earliest childhood to accompany their father on his long tramps, and even on his mountaineering expeditions, found the ascent neither difficult nor arduous. Such was not the case, however, with the young Japanese, who seemed to have engaged in the undertaking without duly considering the consequences. He appeared, too, quite as timid as he was awkward, for he paused at the slightest obstacle. Before beginning the ascent, M. Duplay had taken the precaution to fasten securely around his own body a long, strong rope, which was attached to the belts of the three children, and of his valet, Omar, and, lastly, to that of the native guide who preceded them. But this precaution, though of considerable service to the more experienced tourists, proved a positive source of danger to a laggard like Shakespeare, inasmuch as the rope was likely to throw him down at any moment by reason of his hesitating movements and sudden pauses.

The same danger threatened the entire chain of human

beings of which he formed a part, and which was necessarily affected by the movements of each of its members, and M. Duplay began to regret not having left our young and inexperienced friend, Shakespeare Yaritomo, in Tokio, under the eye of his doting parents.

The catastrophe he had apprehended came at last. Forgetting entirely the warning he had so recently addressed to his rear-guard, and deeply engaged in an examination of some volcanic rocks that strewed the path, he paused to break off a small piece of one with his steel hammer, and deposit it in his box of specimens, when a sudden jerk made the hammer fly from his hand, and before he could realize what had happened, he found himself, together with all the other members of the party, hurled headlong down the steep bank that bordered the path. Below this bank yawned a frightful precipice; but, fortunately, the abyss was overhung by huge azalia bushes in full bloom, thus affording a support as trustworthy as it was beautiful. One could cling to them indefinitely without the slightest danger of falling, and all fear being at an end, the situation became simply ludicrous.

Gerard broke the silence by a hearty peal of laughter.

"We look like a row of birds roasting on a spit!" he exclaimed, taking advantage of a clump of grass to locate himself more comfortably.

"Is any one hurt?" inquired M. Duplay, who had risen, in his turn.

"I believe I've broken something!" groaned Shakespeare, dolefully.

"His skull, perhaps, though dear knows it is thick enough!" muttered Omar, the valet, *sotto voce*.

"Alice, my child, you do not speak!" exclaimed M. Duplay, suddenly springing toward his daughter, who

remained silent and motionless in the same position in which she had fallen. She was pale, her eyes were closed, and she seemed to have lost consciousness.

"Alice, my dearest!" cried M. Duplay, lifting the girl's golden head tenderly; "don't you hear me? Are you hurt, my darling? Omar, untie this rope, I beg of you. How unfortunate that I ever thought of using it! Good! her pulse is all right. See! she is opening her eyes now."

The Japanese guide had already taken one of the young girl's hands.

"There's no great harm done," he said, in his native tongue. "A few drops of *saké* will make the young lady all right."

He handed M. Duplay a small flask containing some of the brandy of the country, made from fermented rice, and so powerful that it was only necessary to moisten the girl's lips and temples with it to restore her to consciousness, and enable her to smile upon her father.

Almost simultaneously a series of dismal moans and groans diverted the attention of the party. These came from Shakespeare, who, having recovered from the shock, now felt desirous of receiving a little attention, as well as a sip of *saké*. In the twinkling of an eye Omar satisfied himself that the "big booby," as he irreverently styled the lad, had broken no bones, so his lamentations passed unheeded.

As for Alice, she was soon seated on a clump of grass, entirely restored to consciousness; but her left foot pained her terribly, and, on examination, M. Duplay found the ankle sprained, or at least the tendons on the inner side badly strained.

The immediate effect of this discovery was a sudden



“ALICE INSTANTLY EXPERIENCED A SENSATION OF RELIEF.”



cessation of Shakespeare's howls; for, feeling himself to blame for the accident, he dared not utter another word.

M. Duplay, deeply annoyed, and even a little alarmed, set to work to bandage his daughter's foot with a handkerchief soaked in brandy; but fresh, cool water in abundance, together with absolute and prolonged rest, would be needed to effect a complete cure; and how could these be secured in this lonely and desolate region?

"I am sure there is plenty of water down there in the ravine, where the shrubbery looks so fresh and green," remarked the guide; "but where we are to find a suitable shelter for the young lady is more than I can tell."

"Let us begin by going in search of water," responded M. Duplay, with the prompt decision of character that never deserted him in critical moments.

As he spoke, he took his daughter in his arms, and, preceded by the guide, directed his steps toward the little valley below, the other members of the party following in gloomy silence.

After fully a quarter of an hour of arduous effort, they reached the goal, and M. Duplay, well-nigh exhausted, deposited his precious burden in the shade of a clump of trees. The guide was not mistaken in his supposition. Trickling from a crevice in the rocks down upon a big stone below, which had been hollowed out into a sort of basin by the action of the water, was a cool and limpid stream. Into the basin thus formed Alice plunged her injured foot, and the sensation of relief was not only so instantaneous, but so marked, that she began to laugh and jest, so anxious was she to reassure her father.

Almost at the same instant, as if the girl's silvery laugh had evoked the guardian spirit of the spring, the bushes that surrounded it parted, and a wondering and astonished face peeped out.

The face alone was visible, but it was a remarkably bright and winning visage, surrounded by a fringe of short, black hair, with a shining white circle above, where the hair had been shaved from the centre of the head, but surmounted by a large tuft, formed from the hair on the back and side, which was turned up and knotted with string on the top of the cranium, in the old-fashioned Japanese style. Black, velvety eyes, sparkling with animation, but veiled by long curving lashes; thin, highly-arched brows, a pale-olive skin, a delicately-cut straight nose, and thin lips, which disclosed teeth of dazzling whiteness,—all formed a singularly original and piquant combination.

M. Duplay, thinking it quite likely he might obtain some assistance from the new-comer, addressed him in Japanese, whereupon the shrubbery opened still wider, and a lad about twelve years of age, clad in a gay *kimono*, or long robe, confined at the waist by a broad silk sash, sprang out.

As soon as he had been informed of the situation of affairs, he darted off without wasting any time in further parley, returning a few moments afterwards, accompanied by two men carrying a *kago*. This small basket-work palanquin, suspended from a long pole borne upon the shoulders of two men, was formerly the commonest mode of conveyance in Japan, but its use is now confined almost exclusively to mountainous districts.

Alice was placed in the *kago* with the utmost care, and the little caravan started on its way, for the young Japanese announced that he had found the two *kago*-bearers in a neighbouring rice-field that belonged to his father, a Daimio, named Daïli-Richita, who would be delighted to welcome the illustrious strangers.



“If he could not be of service to you,” remarked the lad, as they proceeded, “I could not promise you a very cordial reception, for my father is not fond of foreigners,—‘barbarians,’ he calls them,—but the minute you ask his assistance, he will be only too glad to serve you.”

There was no option in the matter, so M. Duplay submitted himself to the guidance of Inoya, their new acquaintance, who was evidently charmed with the adventure.

It seemed to be impossible for him to scrutinize the Europeans closely enough, or to sufficiently admire their costumes, the like of which he had never seen before; and not suspecting, apparently, how much better his rich brocade robe and broad silk sash became him than Shakespeare’s gaudy waistcoat and checked trousers would have done, he gave free vent to his profound admiration and his longing to be similarly attired. He evinced, too, a strong desire to enter into conversation with Gerard, and as the latter already spoke Japanese fairly well, they were soon chatting quite familiarly.

Inoya very naturally made some inquiries in regard to the party and the object of the expedition, and on learning that Alice was his new friend’s sister, expressed his astonishment that she alone wore mourning, and not her father or brother.

“Mourning?” exclaimed Gerard. “Alice is not in mourning.”

“Then why does she wear a white dress?” replied Inoya. “White is the mourning colour.”

Gerard explained to him that this was the case only in Japan; and Inoya, who was evidently very much interested in Alice, went into ecstasies over her golden hair.

“I thought when I first saw her that her head was

covered with sunbeams," he remarked; "and even now I can't believe that her hair is not spun gold."

Gerard, much amused by these comments, informed the young Japanese that Alice was no more favoured in this respect than thousands of other European damsels; and Inoya, in his surprise, relapsed into a sort of reverie, in which Alice figured as one of those wonderful fairies with which Japanese legends teem.

The *kago* and its escort kept in the middle of the ravine for some time, following a narrow path bordered by flowering shrubs, among them the camelia, which flourishes luxuriantly throughout the entire kingdom; then the path began to wind in and out upon one side of a spur of the mountain, and the scenery became more and more wild and picturesque every moment.

The bearers of the *kago* walked briskly on, apparently almost unconscious of the slight burden supported on their sturdy shoulders. M. Duplay walked by his daughter's side, while Gerard and the little Japanese, already the best of friends, gambolled along the road as if they found the distance too short for their energies. Omar, Shakespeare and the native guide brought up the rear.

At a turn in the path, Inoya paused abruptly, and extending his slender arm, draped in a full, hanging sleeve, and pointing to a gloomy pile dimly visible some distance above their heads, exclaimed,—

"Look, there it is!"

M. Duplay gazed in the direction indicated, and saw one of those old feudal castles which are already becoming rare in Japan, and of which he had encountered only a few specimens in his extended travels. These are, or rather were once, veritable strongholds, substantially built of stone on carefully chosen sites, and so formidable in

character that the Japanese Government, since the last revolution, has had most of them levelled to the ground.

The one toward which little Inoya was guiding our travellers stood upon a small eminence, surrounded by a broad moat, like the castles of European barons in the Middle Ages, and as they drew nearer, M. Duplay could see that the massive walls of masonry which enclosed the fosse were of the real Cyclopean type,—that is to say, they were composed of immense stones, smoothed only at the corners, and laid without the aid of mortar; but he could also see that the *chiro* was a ruin without roof or windows, a mere pile of crumbling walls, within which he could detect no sign of human occupancy.

He made some remark to this effect, whereupon Inoya smiled; but the expression of his face said so plainly that it is not well to judge from appearances, that M. Duplay did not insist.

The nearer he approached the castle, however, the more strongly he became convinced of the correctness of his first impressions; and the little party had not only reached the moat, but had walked some distance along the edge of it, and until they reached the south side of the castle, before he changed his mind, for not until then did M. Duplay discover that the lower story, or rather the basement of the *chiro*, might be inhabited, for two or three windows that opened almost on a level with the waters of the moat were adorned with boxes of flowering plants.

A little further on, a broad plank served as a draw-bridge across the moat, giving access to an old postern, which opened in turn into a small vegetable garden, laid out on ground which must once have been the inner court-yard of the fortress. At last, after traversing this

garden, one came to an arched doorway, which seemed to lead by a rickety stairway to a vaulted casemate below. The general appearance of the place was poverty-stricken in the extreme, and the dilapidated condition of everything most depressing.

Under the influence of this impression, M. Duplay thought it advisable to stop Inoya as he was about to enter the doorway, and say to him that they might perhaps be able to find a place of shelter in some other part of the ruin, and camp there, and thus avoid inconveniencing the owner of the abode unnecessarily.

The lad lifted his head proudly. "Daïli-Richita, my father, would not permit any stranger to cross his threshold, or establish himself under his roof, except as a guest," he said, almost haughtily. "Daïli-Richita's castle is old and dilapidated, it is true, but, thanks be to our gods, there is still room in it to shelter a host of strangers."

And as he spoke, the young Japanese proudly led the way down the stone stairway to the apartment below.

## CHAPTER II.

### A GENERAL BATH.

THE hall into which Inoya first conducted the party was furnished with mediæval simplicity, for it consisted merely of four walls; there was not even a mat on the floor, and, in fact, absolutely nothing to indicate that the place was even inhabited.

Inoya requested the travellers to wait there a moment, and then vanished, like a ghost, through a sliding panel in the wall. This gave M. Duplay an opportunity to examine more attentively a room which had impressed him as being utterly forlorn upon his first entrance, and he perceived that the walls were covered with a lacquer-work of almost priceless value. Upon a rich reddish-brown background, superb designs, darkened and tarnished by time, wandered capriciously. The designs were worked out in gold, silver, bronze, and some metal of a greenish hue. Restored to their pristine splendour, these panels would certainly have formed a decoration worthy of the costliest palace.

After a few minutes the panel moved noiselessly back again, and Inoya reappeared, preceding an elderly man of lofty stature, whose long *queue* of iron-gray hair reached nearly to his heels. His face, though proud and refined, wore an expression of indomitable firmness; and eyes that glowed like coals of fire and seemed to read one's

very soul, gazed out from beneath heavy brows of inky blackness.

This was Daïli-Richita. In spite of the stringent law against carrying weapons, he wore two sabres, according to the ancient custom. A kimono, with immense sleeves, hung in ample folds about his tall form; and the richly-wrought handles of his short swords glittered in the left side of his broad silk sash. At his right side hung a tiny pipe-case and tobacco-pouch. In short, there was apparent in each and every detail of his costume a scrupulous regard for the observance of all the ancient customs of his country, and a profound abhorrence of everything foreign.

M. Duplay stepped forward, and addressing him in Japanese, gave a courteous explanation of the accident which had led to this intrusion. Daïli-Richita seemed amazed, at first, to hear a European speak the Japanese language with such purity. Up to that time he had not supposed such a thing possible, and, ignorant that M. Duplay had made Asiatic tongues the chief study of his life, he deemed this knowledge almost supernatural. At all events, it was evident that his national pride was much gratified, and when the unexpected guest ceased speaking, his host's countenance was illumined with a smile that transformed it completely, and, laying his hand lightly on his son's shorn head, he said in a clear, well-modulated voice,—

“Inoya did quite right to bring you here. He knows that my home, though plain and humble, is entirely at the disposal of those who need a shelter. Such as it is, I beg this illustrious traveller to make use of it as long as he may find it convenient and agreeable to do so, and until his noble daughter has entirely recovered from her

injuries. My daughter, Marusaki, will be only too happy to have her for a companion. She will now give us some tea, and afterwards conduct the honourable young lady to an apartment where she can rest."

As he spoke, the Daimio stepped aside, and motioned his guests to precede him into a smaller and more cheerful apartment. A fine matting, so scrupulously clean that one hesitated to set foot on it, covered the tiled floor. The walls were of highly-polished white-wood, and on one side of the room was a sort of alcove containing a low platform. This alcove is dignified with the name of "*Toko-no-ma*,"—which signifies, literally, the "*place of the bed*." It is here the taste of the owner generally displays itself, and from it one judges whether or not he has profited by the lessons in decorative art which form a part of every person's education in Japan.

In Darli-Richita's domicile the walls of this alcove consisted of the most delicate though elaborate lacquer-work, only the daintiest hues of the Japanese palette having been employed in their ornamentation. Two tall, white Satsuma vases, each containing a large spray of cherry-blossoms, formed a most effective decoration, and between the vases was the rack intended as a receptacle for the Daimio's sabres when he wished to divest himself of them.

M. Duplay had Alice in his arms, and Darli-Richita conducted them at once to the platform, upon which M. Duplay and his son and daughter seated themselves in European fashion, while their host, with the utmost gravity, squatted down upon his heels, and clapped his hands.

A charming vision appeared in answer to the summons,—a lovely girl, about sixteen years of age, who looked

as if she might just have stepped off a screen or Japanese vase. Her slender figure, supple as a reed, was gracefully draped in a gay robe of beautiful though fantastic pattern, folded across the breast, thus leaving a considerable portion of the neck bare, and confined at the waist by a broad silk sash, wound several times around her body, and then tied in an enormous bow behind.

The open corsage disclosed to view a number of folds of silky crêpe, overlapping one another, and shaded with the most exquisite taste. The jet-black tresses of the girl seemed too heavy for her small head, and her slender throat drooped beneath their weight, like the stem of a lily drenched with dew; while her clear olive complexion, arched almond-shaped eyes, and delicately-curved scarlet lips, would have excited admiration anywhere. In her hands, which were as transparent and delicate as the famous porcelain of her native land, she held a lacquer-tray, upon which stood exquisite cups, thin as egg-shells, and filled with fragrant tea of a pale golden hue.

The Japanese are taught the art of making and serving tea from infancy, and proficiency in this household duty is considered a great accomplishment. It was evident that the charming Marusaki possessed it in an eminent degree, for never was better tea offered by more delicate hands; and M. Duplay's evident admiration, and the deferential manner in which he thanked the young girl, seemed to greatly please Daïli-Richita, whose stern countenance relaxed more and more.

"Your noble daughter must require rest," he said, courteously. "Marusaki, conduct her to your apartment, which she will be obliged to share with you. My ancestral home, alas! no longer contains the numerous tastefully-furnished apartments in which I could once



have offered her accommodations worthy of her, but if she will condescend to accept our humble hospitality in the same spirit in which it is offered —”

M. Duplay and Alice both hastened to express their profound gratitude for the welcome so graciously accorded them, and when the young Japanese girl approached Alice to take her hand, the latter impulsively threw her arms around her new friend's neck, and gave her an affectionate kiss, which Marusaki cordially returned. From that moment their friendship was assured.

A gray-haired woman-servant, bowed with age, and with a skin like parchment, came in, and took Alice in her arms, to carry her to Marusaki's chamber.

This, in common with all sleeping apartments in Japan, contained no furniture except a fine and once costly mat, which, like that in the room the girls had just left, showed signs of wear, in spite of the evident care bestowed upon it. There was something besides the four walls, however, though Alice did not think so when she first entered; for in an alcove at the farther end of the room, opening out of the only real wall in the chamber—the other partitions being formed of *shoji*, or paper-covered screens—was Marusaki's bed, though anyone who had never seen a Japanese bed would scarcely believe it. There were none of the warm blankets, soft mattresses and downy pillows that make it so hard for our children to resist the temptation to linger just a few minutes longer when the rising-bell rings in the morning. The Japanese know nothing of these luxuries. More Spartan-like than we, they are content with a block of wood for a pillow. This block is hollowed out in the middle, so as to support the neck without disarranging the elaborate coiffures which are

constructed with so much care. It is generally rounded a little, too, at the base, and consequently adapts itself to each movement of the sleeper's body, like the rocking-horses with which the children of our own country amuse themselves.

This couch must just have been prepared for Alice's use, as, during the day, the bed and bedding—that is to say, the wooden pillow, thin mattress stuffed with cotton and the coverlets—are usually kept in a small cupboard in the wall.

Alice, laughing heartily at the odd appearance of her couch, stretched herself out upon it, and Marusaki, seeing that she was not at all sleepy, seated herself upon the mat beside her, with an evident desire to become better acquainted.

She began by kissing her visitor; and then, passing her arm around her new friend's neck, and gently stroking the thick braid of golden hair that hung down upon Alice's shoulders, she smilingly exclaimed,—

“How pretty it is! One would think it was honey. But, tell me, is it customary in foreign countries for girls to wear their hair like our warriors?”

“I never thought of it before, but I do wear my hair like your father. Yes, Marusaki, it is the fashion in my country for girls of my age to wear their hair in a single plait hanging down their backs. We must have copied this fashion from you,” she added, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” responded Marusaki, thoughtfully. “Then in your country, too, people try to follow foreign fashions. Is there any law that compels you to adopt our Japanese costumes, and abandon your ancient customs?”

“No, thank goodness!” exclaimed Alice. “Though

nothing could be prettier than your dress," she added, hastily, fearing she might have wounded Marusaki by her exclamation. "But I should not like to wear it if I felt that I had to, you know."

Marusaki sighed.

"It is very different with us. We have to obey," she said, sadly.

"But you do not wear the European costume," ventured Alice; "and your father retains his sabres, I notice."

"Yes; but you see that we are hiding here like owls in a hole. My father is too much attached to our ancient customs to be allowed to remain in the city. He has been obliged to take refuge here in this abandoned eagle's nest, with a few poor followers who have remained as faithful to him as he has to the past. The greatness of Japan must indeed be on the wane when such a man as Darli-Richita is obliged to hide his head in the obscurity of an old ruin."

"Better times will come, perhaps," Alice murmured, after a short silence, grieved to see Marusaki's head droop, and an expression of sadness steal over her sweet face. "I should think, though, that life on this almost inaccessible mountain, far from the bustle and confusion of the city, would be delightful. I should enjoy it immensely, I assure you. Tell me, Marusaki," she continued, eagerly, "is that your garden I see out there? How lovely it is!"

"No, it is Inoya's garden," replied Marusaki, arousing herself from her reverie with an evident effort. "He made it all with his own hands. It is a real old-fashioned Japanese garden, my father says."

And, pushing back the paper-covered screen that served

as a window, so her guest could see better, Marusaki pointed, with justifiable pride, to a tiny garden as fantastic as it was charming in its arrangement.

The paths were paved with tiles of bright but delicate hues, and all the diminutive plants and shrubs were pruned into shapes which appeared odd, and even grotesque, at the first glance, but to which the eye soon became accustomed. A subtle harmony characterized the entire arrangement of this tiny plot of ground, so entirely different from the landscape-gardening of our own country. One felt that each tint and shade had been carefully studied; that there had been a design even in the disposition of the plants, and the mind, aided by the delighted eye, strove hard to fathom it.

"It is perfectly lovely!" cried Alice. "And you say you brother did it all himself? How clever he must be! And what exquisite taste he has displayed for a lad of his age!"

"Oh, he can do many other things!" responded Marusaki, proudly. "Let me show you his drawings and the beautiful kites he makes."

She ran out of the room, and returning almost immediately, displayed to the wondering Alice a large number of exceedingly-spirited and well-executed sketches. A few strokes of the brush or pen depicted an entire scene,—the flight of a flock of birds, a snake swallowing a frog whose legs had already disappeared from sight, several excellent portraits of Marusaki in different attitudes and costumes; then a series of domestic scenes,—the old servant-woman cooking rice on a *hibachi*, some boys flying their kites, clever and amusing sketches, all of them evidently taken on the spot, and with no trace of the clumsiness that usually characterizes the productions of artists of Inoya's age.



“MARSUKI POINTED TO A TINY GARDEN AS FANTASTIC  
AS IT WAS CHARMING.”



Marusaki, delighted at Alice's evident admiration, then showed her the wonderful kites her brother manufactured out of nothing,—or at least only a bit of bamboo and a scrap of coloured paper,—kites in the form of dragons, fishes, birds, and other strange animals.

The old servant-woman interrupted them by a summons to dinner. The party all seated themselves in a circle on the floor, each person having in front of him a small tray mounted upon four legs, and intended to serve as a table. Upon this tray, in lacquer plates, were two kinds of fish, and a tiny cup of tea without either sugar or cream. Tokiwa, the old servant-woman, squatting on the floor behind the guests, held a large dish of boiled rice, which she pressed upon the acceptance of each person as soon as she saw any likelihood of his plate becoming empty. No eating-utensils were visible except chopsticks, and as our travellers were unskilled in the use of these, Alice was beginning to fear she would be reduced to the necessity of eating with her fingers, when Dañli-Richita, perceiving her embarrassment, remarked to M. Duplay that if he had any knives and forks and spoons among his travelling equipments, he hoped he would not hesitate to make use of them. M. Duplay accepted this offer in the same spirit in which it was made, and all the rest of the meal it was amusing to note Marusaki's, Inoya's and old Tokiwa's wonder at this new mode of eating.

An incalculable number of cups of tea were consumed. Dañli-Richita did the honours of the frugal repast with great simplicity and dignity, but it was evident that he attached very little importance to the pleasures of the table. He conversed very unaffectedly with M. Duplay, who found him a highly-educated and extremely

cultivated man; so, although their opinions differed upon almost every subject, they spent an hour or two in conversation without becoming weary of each other's society, while the children sat at the other end of the room, and chatted in subdued tones, so as not to disturb their elders.

Shakespeare alone seemed ill at ease; in fact, one would almost have supposed he was trying to avoid his host's notice, though Darli-Richita, after a rather cold glance at the modernized Japanese on his first arrival, bestowed no further attention upon him.

About nine o'clock some one came in and announced that the water was hot.

"More tea, probably," M. Duplay said to himself.

But it was not tea this time. Rising, with a very ceremonious air, Darli-Richita, after inviting his guest to follow him, led the way into a small room, in which the sole article of furniture was a large wooden tub, filled with steaming hot water. M. Duplay instantly comprehended that a bath was offered him; and, deeply impressed by the simple but eminently practical nature of Japanese bathing facilities, he secretly resolved to introduce the like into France on his return to that country.

They consisted, in the present instance, at least, merely of a wooden tub, in which the bather sat with his knees on a level with his chin; so the apparatus, though rather primitive in character, had the advantage of being inexpensive and easy to handle. Behind the tub was a small fire-box, with a pipe attached, for heating the water. The bathroom is usually located near the kitchen, in a small room opening into the court-yard or the garden.

Not a little surprised to see that Japanese etiquette



seemed to require his host's presence during his bath, M. Duplay hastily divested himself of his clothing, and stepped into the water, which proved to be so uncomfortably hot that when he emerged from it a few seconds afterwards he was the colour of a boiled lobster, and it was with a sensation of intense relief that he plunged his face and hands in the basin of cold water provided for that purpose. A cup, accompanied with a small saucer of kitchen salt, indicated that he was expected to brush his teeth with the Japanese brush that lay beside it,—a willow twig whittled down at one end. This brush, of course, is used but once, and then thrown away.

When M. Duplay began to dress, Da'li-Richita approached, and inquired whether he should first call his son or his daughter.

“My daughter!” exclaimed M. Duplay, overwhelmed with astonishment. “Why, really, my dear sir!—I—I— My daughter is not accustomed—”

“Ah, yes!” responded Da'li-Richita, with unruffled calmness. “Young ladies in foreign countries are in the habit of bathing in their own apartments, perhaps. Your daughter is at home here, and has only to command. In that case, I will send for your son.”

He did so, and at a sign from M. Duplay, who did not wish to wound the feelings of his host, Gerard, repressing a strong desire to laugh, entered the common bath.

When he left it, Da'li-Richita, laying off his own clothing, entered the bath, in his turn. Then it became Shakespeare's turn, then Inoya's, then Omar's, and then came all the servants of the household,—not very numerous perhaps, but sufficiently so to make the travellers open their eyes in amazement.

As for Marusaki, out of deference to European notions, she remained in her chamber with Alice, courteously giving her guest the precedence when the bathtub was taken there.

“After all, we are not so very much more fastidious in Paris,” M. Duplay philosophically remarked to his son, who was greatly amused by this bath in common. “For, do we not bathe in company with five or six hundred other persons, to say nothing of the dead dogs floating about in the Seine?”

Soon afterwards the travellers, fatigued by the adventures of the day, stretched themselves out, with a feeling of profound relief, on the thin Japanese mattress, where sleep soon rendered them happily oblivious to the extraordinary hardness of their wooden pillows.

## CHAPTER III.

### M. DUPLAY AND HIS FAMILY.

POSSIBLY it would be well to explain more fully by what peculiar combination of circumstances a French scientist, accompanied by his two children, a Gascon valet, and a native guide, with a skin so tattooed that it resembled a piece of Venetian tapestry, found himself in an almost uninhabited portion of the island of Nippon.

Let it be understood, then, that M. Duplay, sent, for the third time in his life, upon a scientific mission to the Orient, and expecting to spend a year or more in Japan, had decided to take his wife and children with him. They had prepared themselves for this sojourn by the most assiduous study, having devoted several months to acquiring the grammatical rules of the Japanese language, together with a large number of the most useful words, and consequently found themselves in a position to profit by their interesting and novel journey, and gain a clear insight into the domestic life and habits of the people with whom they were soon to be brought in contact.

Mme. Duplay was an accomplished woman of the world, who had not resigned herself to leaving her beloved Paris for a year without a struggle; and her husband wishing to insure her every possible comfort, Rosalie, her maid, and Omar, his valet, accompanied the party.

The voyage was made without accident, but not without

great suffering from seasickness, and it was with no little satisfaction that Omar, in particular, once more set foot on dry land.

On account of the exceedingly shallow water in the harbour of Tokio, the new capital of the Empire, vessels of any considerable size are obliged to stop at Yokohama; so that city, though it has only been in existence about twenty-five years, has become the commercial metropolis of the Empire, and now contains a population of more than one hundred and fifty thousand souls. The appearance of the harbour was extremely animated when our friends landed there, one beautiful May morning. Vessels of every kind and size, as well as of every nationality—a vast conglomeration of masts, cordage and floating ensigns, shrill exclamations and shouts and oaths in every tongue, characteristics common to all sea-ports—still had the charm of novelty to the Duplay children, who seemed as if they would never tire of looking and exclaiming, admiring or laughing, as the case might be.

After resting a few hours at a hotel in Yokohama, they went on to Tokio by rail. This essentially European city offers all sorts of resources to visitors. One not only finds excellent hotels, where one can live very comfortably for two or three dollars a day, but the foreign residents have organized clubs, horse-races and regattas. Here, as in Yokohama, one need not mingle with the natives of the country unless one chooses, but lead a strictly European life, if one so desires. Such was not the intention of the Duplay family, however.

M. Duplay, having come for the express purpose of studying the country, was neither inclined to isolate himself, nor confine himself within the narrow limits of the European colony. Mme. Duplay, too, was anxious to

profit by her sojourn, and to study the Japanese, and particularly the Japanese women, as thoroughly as possible. The first thing to be done, of course, was to secure a suitable residence; and M. Duplay soon discovered a pretty villa, built in the English style, and well arranged and comfortably furnished, so much so, indeed, that after inspecting it from garret to cellar, Mme. Duplay declared herself convinced that they could live there in the greatest comfort when the difficulties attendant upon beginning housekeeping in a foreign country had been surmounted.

Foremost among these difficulties was the sudden and insuperable aversion which Rosalie had taken to the Japanese. When the worthy creature consented to follow her mistress and the dear children to the world's end, she evidently had not taken into consideration the disagreeable necessity of continually gazing upon Mongolian faces. From the very first she took a strong dislike to their drooping eyes, olive skin and prominent cheek-bones; and with a constancy worthy of a better cause, she refused to the last to see any good whatever in such an ill-favoured race.

Omar was a rattle-brained, garrulous Gascon, but he was entirely devoid of prejudices. M. Duplay overlooked many of his peccadilloes on account of a great service he fancied he had once rendered his master. One day, while that gentleman was bathing at Biarritz, he ventured out too far, and found himself in great danger of drowning; whereupon Omar, who was standing on the beach, shouted so lustily for help, and conducted himself in such a frantic manner, that some one rushed to his master's assistance in time. Though on this occasion, as on many others, he had done nothing but make a great noise, he had succeeded in fully convincing himself that he had really saved his

master from death by seizing him by the hair of the head and carrying him upon his back to the shore. One should at least give him credit for the heroic idea.

His greatest weakness was a disposition to inflict long, tedious stories upon any one who would listen to them. To this was added an intense craving for admiration, which, by the way, had never been gratified until now, Rosalie, in particular, snubbing him unmercifully whenever he began to relate any of his imaginary exploits, or to boast of the splendours of his childhood's home.

He had never met with much success in his native land, but here in Japan he had at last found audiences worthy of him. With the suppleness of tongue which characterizes the inhabitant of Southern Europe, he very quickly learned to understand the mongrel language that the lower classes use in their daily intercourse with foreigners in Tokio; and the artless astonishment he read in Japanese eyes proved such an incentive that he very soon became able to make himself understood in turn. From that time his popularity was firmly established. Never before had he dared to give such a free rein to his imagination. His life-history, related in detail to a circle of respectful and admiring auditors, was a marvellous combination of hair-breadth escapes, wonderful successes, and lavishly-squandered wealth. No one thought to ask how such a fine gentleman happened to be reduced to the position of a valet. The fact that he was a European sufficed to explain and excuse everything, thanks to the strange mania of the Japanese for everything foreign.

While Omar was reaping these undeserved laurels, Mme. Duplay was achieving an equally brilliant success in a much more exalted sphere.

Her first visit in Japan was at the house of the gov-

ernor of Tokio. M. Duplay, who had called on the day of his arrival to pay his respects to that functionary, had been quite favourably impressed during the interview. The dignitary had not only struck him as being an extremely well-bred, clever and highly-educated man, but he had manifested such a strong liking for European countries in general, and France in particular, and such hospitable intentions toward the Duplay family, that the *savant* could not but be grateful for them.

Mme. Yaritomo, his wife, was literally dying to see Mme. Duplay, so the governor declared. If etiquette had permitted, she would already have called to welcome a lady who was the possessor of such rare personal charms and varied accomplishments; and she sincerely hoped that the illustrious stranger would not keep her waiting long before honouring her with her acquaintance.

It was well-nigh impossible to decline such a pressing invitation; so, about a week after her arrival, Mme. Duplay decided to pay the promised call, and as the house of the Japanese official was quite a distance from the villa, some mode of conveyance was required, so a jinrikisha was ordered.

“Oh, mamma, what a queer carriage!” cried Alice, who had stationed herself at the window with her brother, to watch for the arrival of the vehicle.

“If *these* horses take the bit in their teeth, there will at least be one other way of making them listen to reason,” laughed Gerard.

“What is it like?” inquired Mme. Duplay, approaching the window in her turn.

In the court-yard stood a small vehicle of lacquered wood, strongly resembling a chaise or hansom cab in form, with copper mountings, and decorated with delicate

floral designs in gilt. This fairy-like equipage had but one fault: instead of the pretty ponies one would have naturally expected to see in the shafts, or rather the pair of small mules, with gay pompons and bells, that would have suited the vehicle so perfectly, one saw two half-nude natives in harness.

Mme. Duplay could not repress an exclamation of disgust.

“Good gracious, Horace!” she cried, turning to her husband, who had just come in. “Must I really be dragged along by these men?”

“Why not?” answered M. Duplay, smiling. “It is one of the customs of the country.”

“A horrible custom!” interpolated Rosalie, who had been assisting her mistress in her preparations, and who was always inclined to express her opinion pretty freely. “Who ever saw a Christian harnessed like a beast of burden?”

“But these men are not Christians, Rosalie,” replied Alice; “they are Buddhists.”

“So much the worse for the Buddhists,” retorted Rosalie. “But it is of a piece with all the rest. Who could expect to see any sense of decency in people who look as they do!”

“After all, I don’t see anything so very dreadful about it, Rosalie,” said Mme. Duplay, rendered rather more charitable, perhaps, by the display of intolerance on the part of her servant. “It is not so very long since we abandoned the use of sedan chairs in France. There was one in my mother’s garret, as you may recollect.”

“But it was n’t carried by horrid monkeys, like these,” responded Rosalie; “and I’m pretty sure the bearers of it did n’t go about without clothes.”



Scanty as was the apparel of the jinrikisha men, they wore much more clothing than they had done prior to the introduction of European customs into Japan. A few years before, they had worn no covering whatever, if we except a very elaborate tattooing of the entire body, and a long plait of hair hanging down their backs.

All this has since been changed by official ordinance. The Government has not only commanded all citizens to clothe themselves, but has also given them orders to cut off their pigtails and to suppress tattooing. These rather arbitrary measures have been stoutly resisted in many instances, however; and, to overcome the difficulty, it has even been proposed that the police should be provided with big shears, by means of which they can sever the seditious adornment from the heads of the refractory whenever an opportunity offers.

But all the Japanese did not set such store by their pigtails, and their ancient customs. Strange to say, this kingdom, which had been so long jealously guarded from the slightest contact with so-called "foreign barbarians," had scarcely decided to open its ports to them when a positive mania for foreign fashions and customs manifested itself, and people in general would neither dress, nor eat, nor travel about, except in the European fashion. These new manners and customs, adopted not only hastily, but with an utter lack of discrimination, and necessarily combined with Japanese surroundings, formed a most incongruous medley. The dude, for instance, strongly infected with either Anglo or Franco mania, considered himself disgraced if he called any object by the name his mother-tongue bestowed upon it; but, unfortunately, the one he adopted in its stead was almost always inappropriate, while the utter impossibility of pronouncing

certain letters often rendered it utterly ridiculous, as well. So far as dress was concerned, a gorgeous waist-coat, imported by an American house, was often seen in conjunction with bare feet; while, if some lady was fortunate enough to become the possessor of a particularly dainty article of underwear, she was so proud of her treasure that she took good care not to hide the least bit of it.

It was no uncommon thing to see men of mature years attempt to learn the code of European etiquette from any foreigner they chanced to meet, and to forget or ignore their own, which was much superior in many respects. Not unfrequently these persons fell into the hands of braggarts or practical jokers, who took a mischievous delight in teaching them all sorts of absurdities; and it must be admitted that the wonderful credulity of the neophytes, and their intense admiration for everything new, could not but prove a strong temptation for any lover of fun to amuse himself at the expense of such complaisant victims.

Diametrically opposed to these champions of so-called reform was a small faction that hated the foreigner and his customs, and opposed the new order of things most vigorously. These conservatives generally resided in their ancestral homes in remote parts of the country, where they spent most of their time in cursing the diabolical inventions of the barbarous stranger, and hurling anathemas upon such of their compatriots as abandoned the dress and customs of their forefathers. But their opposition, bitter as it was, could not check the impetuous tide of progress, and to-day Japan is transformed. It has adopted the Gregorian Calendar, the Sabbath, lighting by gas, and even electricity, railroads



“MME. DUPLAY HAD BECOME QUITE RECONCILED TO HER  
NEW EQUIPAGE.”



and steamboats, the telegraph and telephone, and even a police force uniformed after the English fashion. Perhaps even the bitterest among the conservatives have been obliged to admit that their intercourse with "foreign barbarians" may have been of some advantage, when they note the diminution in the ravages that small-pox makes each year in their midst; though it is quite possible that some of the most obstinate would respond, if driven to the wall, "We would not complain of small-pox if we could but have the good old times back again!"

However that may be, it certainly was not persons of this type Mme. Duplay was about to visit. That lady, by the way, had become quite reconciled to her new equipage; for, once established in the jinrikisha, she had been forced to admit that she found it much more comfortable than she expected, and that the trot of her steeds, though rather lively, was less trying to the bones than that of the gentlest horse.

## CHAPTER IV.

### TWO RIVAL QUEENS OF JAPANESE SOCIETY.

THE governor's wife had been notified of Mme. Duplay's intended visit, and had invited several of her lady friends to share the pleasure with her. These ladies had taken great pains with their toilets, in honour of the foreign guest; but, unfortunately, they were all such zealous champions of progress that they invariably did their very best to eradicate every trace of the Japanese both from their costumes and surroundings.

As a natural consequence, Mme. Duplay was not a little surprised and disappointed when, in place of the picturesquely-attired Japanese women, seated on finely-woven mats, that she had expected to see, she found herself in the presence of several ladies dressed in the European fashion, but in shockingly bad taste, and perched awkwardly upon the different pieces of a gaudy red-and-gold damask parlor suite.

It was easy to see, from their constrained and uncomfortable attitudes, that they were undergoing positive torture; but it was even more easy to read in their ingenuous countenances the pride these innovations inspired. Mme. Yaritomo, the fortunate possessor of all this gorgeous upholstery, hastened forward to meet her visitor, and having been recently initiated into the mysteries of shaking hands, extended hers, and bade



MME. YARITOMO INTRODUCING HER FRIENDS.





the guest welcome in imperfect but very cordial French, after which she introduced her friends, and then invited Mme. Duplay to take the seat of honour on the sofa beside her.

The other ladies, not being able to converse in French, were obliged to content themselves with bowing and smiling most amiably upon the "honourable stranger;" but their time was not lost, by any means, for their eyes were busy, even though their tongues had to rest. Every fold and plait and bow in Mme. Duplay's toilet was carefully studied, with the intention of speedily imitating it; and Mme. Yaritomo, having an advantage over the others in being able to express her admiration, promptly availed herself of it.

"What a lovely bonnet!" she exclaimed, without the slightest preamble. "What a perfectly lovely bonnet!"

"I am glad you like it," responded Mme. Duplay, a little surprised at this beginning.

"Would you mind taking it off and showing it to us?"

"Not at all," replied Mme. Duplay, much amused by this request.

And with smiling grace she at once proceeded to unfasten the strings of a dainty little Paris hat, which was really well worthy of the encomiums bestowed upon it. The strings were held in place by a small pin, consisting of a cat's-eye surrounded with tiny diamonds, and Mme. Yaritomo almost snatched the ornament out of her visitor's hands.

"How pretty! how very pretty!" she repeated several times. Then suddenly and with evident pride, "I, too, have some diamonds," she added; "and so have my friends."

Mme. Duplay, not knowing what answer to make

to this announcement, contented herself by expressing her interest by a gracious smile.

"But you don't seem to have on any bracelets," exclaimed Mme. Yaritomo, in a tone of marked disappointment. "Have you no bracelets? I have seven."

"Indeed?" responded Mme. Duplay, who was justly considered an admirable talker at home, but who was beginning to have some difficulty in keeping up this conversation.

"Have you no bracelets?" persisted Mme. Yaritomo.

"Bracelets? Oh, yes!"

"Then why do you not wear them?"

"I hardly know. They are not very much worn now, I think," said Mme. Duplay, who could hardly keep from laughing at the inquisitorial manner her hostess had suddenly assumed.

Bracelets were no longer fashionable! Mme. Yaritomo looked the very picture of consternation. The little lady was passionately fond of her jewels; but fashion is a more implacable and relentless tyrant than all the Molochs in history, and with the heroism that belongs only to devout believers, Mme. Yaritomo unclasped the bracelet she wore about her wrist.

"People don't wear bracelets any more," she announced to her friends, in Japanese.

This news electrified the little assembly, and a chorus of protests and lamentations issued,—some of the party not being capable of such prompt and heroic measures as the governor's wife.

"Don't be too hasty, my dear madame!" protested Mme. Duplay, considerably disconcerted at the effect of her words. "I may be mistaken, after all. It is quite possible that I am. Many very elegant ladies still wear bracelets, I assure you, and—"

“Then I can put mine on again?” asked Mme. Yaritomo, with renewed cheerfulness.

“Certainly, certainly!” responded her visitor.

With a sigh of relief, Mme. Yaritomo re-clasped her bracelet; then, after a few words of explanation to her little court, proceeded, with all the assurance of an absolute sovereign, to examine the much-admired bonnet with the utmost care and deliberation. Several of the ladies evinced a strong desire to try it on, but no one asked permission,—very fortunately,—inasmuch as the elaborate coiffures of these fashionable dames presented a gluey and gelatinous appearance, that made the probable consequences of such an act decidedly unpleasant. It was manifestly a fear of imperilling these masterpieces of the hairdresser’s skill, rather than of being indiscreet, that deterred them, however, for not one of them even suspected that their curiosity was in the slightest degree objectionable. Besides, there was so much infantile innocence in their manner of displaying it, that no one could possibly take offence.

It seemed impossible to put an end to their importunities, however, and, in spite of her good-natured tolerance, Mme. Duplay soon found herself obliged to beat a retreat, for the inquisitive strangers were becoming more and more bold.

With eyes sparkling with admiration and interest, they commented freely among themselves upon the stranger’s beautiful golden hair and fair skin. One stroked the coil of soft braids that surmounted the visitor’s head; another daintily touched the French lady’s cheek with a slim brown hand, to satisfy herself that the brilliancy of her colouring owed nothing to art. Her mantle had already followed the bonnet; and her

pretty parasol was also passed from hand to hand. Mme. Duplay, foreseeing with alarm the moment when they would push their investigations still further, deemed it advisable to terminate her visit. The profound disappointment and chagrin depicted upon every countenance when she arose to take leave proved that her fears were only too well-grounded, and that these ladies had scarcely begun their inventory.

"I regret to be compelled to leave you, madame," the visitor said, in gracious though decided tones; "but I must call upon another of your country-women before I return home, and my time is limited."

"Another? Mme. Takonti, I presume," said the hostess, designating the wife of the official ranking next to the governor.

"No; Mme. Komati, the widow of Col. Hanasono."

"Indeed! You are going to call on her?" exclaimed Mme. Yaritomo, with a slightly piqued air.

"I understand she is an extremely cultivated and most estimable lady," replied Mme. Duplay, much surprised; "and certainly her position, as the widow of such a hero, entitles her to special consideration."

"I do not visit Mme. Komati," responded the governor's wife, stiffly. "She is a bitter enemy to anything like reform."

Mme. Duplay saw that she was treading on dangerous ground, so she said no more, and having succeeded—not without considerable difficulty—in regaining possession of the various articles of apparel of which she had been divested, took her departure in the queer little equipage which is sometimes humorously styled a Pullman car.

She had no intention of abandoning her plan of paying her respects to Mme. Komati, whose deceased husband

had shown M. Duplay marked courtesy several years before. Upon inquiring that lady's place of abode, she learned that she resided a little outside the city limits, and not far from the famous inn known as "*The Moon and the Flowers*,"—a name that made her very sanguine in regard to the result of her visit by encouraging her to believe she was at last going to see a real Japanese home.

The exterior of the widow's abode proved eminently satisfactory. In fact, Mme. Duplay was charmed with the airy and elegant appearance of the dwelling.

The Japanese, not being skilled in the working of stone, which, moreover, is far from plentiful in their country, use wood almost exclusively in the construction of their homes. Pine is the material most employed, and, contrary to our mode of procedure, they begin by building the roof, which is usually ornamented with exquisite taste, and which rests upon plain wooden posts, without any solid foundation whatever. This roof, which is generally very symmetrical in form, as well as extremely ornate, so engrosses the attention of the beholder that he quite forgets the lower part of the structure, and almost fancies he is gazing upon some charming nest suspended in mid-air.

The Japanese house is almost as destitute of walls as of foundation, even the front consisting in most cases of sliding screens or papered shutters, all constructed on one model, and of faultless joinery, and all covered at the outset with silvery-white paper, so tough that, although perfectly transparent, it will last a long while with care. The climate being rainy, one shudders to think of the dampness such a system must engender; but when the *hibachi*, or fire-box, is lighted, a Japanese room becomes quite warm and comfortable, while, if the weather outside

be extremely wet, there are outer shutters of wood, which can also be closed. The Japanese patiently replaces his paper walls as often as necessary; and, as conflagrations are well-nigh as frequent as rains, he is continually rebuilding, which accounts, at least in part, for the extreme neatness that excites alike the wonder and admiration of strangers. This house, which has neither walls, foundation nor rooms, is equally destitute of furniture, so rebuilding is by no means a ruinous undertaking in Nippon, and people submit very philosophically to the frequent ravages wrought by the flames.

Mme. Duplay was struck by the extreme elegance of the little drawing-room into which a young servant girl ushered her, begging her to wait there while she went to summon her mistress, who was in the garden.

“Why does this apartment give one such a subtle, but none the less decided, impression of refined elegance?” the visitor said to herself. “There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in it, not even a stool or ottoman to seat one’s self upon!”

But Mme. Duplay was mistaken. There was in this little room an article of furniture, or rather an ornament, which could not fail to attract the attention and delight the eye of the beholder.

In a dimly-lighted niche or alcove, upon an ebony pedestal, stood a tall crystal vase of exquisite contour, out of which rose a superb white peony, with one half-open bud and several green leaves.

This was the sole adornment; but no wealth of satin or gilding could rival in beauty the queenly blossom reigning there alone in stately purity. The art of arranging flowers is one of a young Japanese girl’s chief accomplishments, and a foreigner must not mistake the apparent carelessness

which characterizes their arrangement for the work of chance. Quite the contrary. The graceful and effective air of negligence is a veritable science, governed by strict rules and based upon carefully-elaborated principles.

On approaching the alcove to admire the superb flower, Mme. Duplay perceived that an artistic hand had slipped a gorgeous begonia leaf between the bottom of the vase and the pedestal, and its brilliant but varied hues, softened by the reflection from the crystal, merged themselves into an harmonious whole that was a positive treat to the eye.

The apartment, as we have before remarked, contained nothing else worthy of mention. There were several of the movable screens that divide a house into the necessary number of rooms at night, and many of the finely-woven mats, with bright borders, that always cover the floor.

Several young pines, stripped of their bark, served as pillars. These are always selected with great care, as they are intended to form the chief ornaments of a house, as well as its support, and really impart to it the air of refined simplicity that is truly the height of elegance.

Although she had been a widow nearly eight years, Mme. Komati still wore mourning for the husband she had lost, and intended to wear it until the end of her days. She was a woman about thirty-five years of age, majestic in bearing, in spite of the extreme slenderness of her figure, and her face showed unmistakable traces of great beauty as well as of deep sorrow. She was dressed entirely in white, and the character of her costume was scrupulously Japanese in every particular.

Mme. Duplay was consequently agreeably surprised to hear the distinguished lady greet her most courteously in fluent French.

“Give the lady a seat, Fudsi,” she said to her little servant, “and relieve madame of her honourable parasol.”

As she relinquished to the care of the little Japanese maid the dainty confection of silk and lace which seemed to monopolize the honours of the day,—having been so extravagantly admired at Mme. Yaritomo’s, and now dubbed “honourable” in the Komati mansion,—Mme. Duplay could not help thinking that the attempt to find her a seat would prove a difficult matter.

But Fudsi, no whit disconcerted, pushed aside one of the paper screens that lined the walls, thereby disclosing a cupboard, from which she drew a rattan chair, in which Mme. Duplay seated herself, and afterwards, two dainty lacquer stands, richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, one of which she placed before the visitor, and the other before Mme. Komati, who had seated herself on a mat a little way off. This done, without waiting for further orders, she replaced the screen that concealed the cupboard and pushed back another. Mme. Duplay now perceived that the apartment was much larger than she had supposed; for, thanks to these movable partitions, the interior of a Japanese house can be changed at will. To-day, the heat having induced Mme. Komati to give a summer-like appearance to the room, one of the screens had been so placed as to conceal the *hibachi*, which is in constant requisition in every Japanese home, inasmuch as the owner depends upon it for boiling water for his tea and a light for his pipe.

Fudsi, having placed before each of the ladies a teapot and cup, as exquisite as they were tiny, retired; and Mme. Duplay, after a half-hour’s conversation with the charming widow, departed, delighted to have met a real Japanese lady at last.

The two visits she had paid served to give her a pretty



correct idea of the two rival factions she was likely to be brought in contact with during her stay in Japan: one enthusiastic, even to the verge of folly, about everything new and foreign, the other deeply imbued with a devotion to the ancient institutions of the country that amounted to positive fanaticism. It must be admitted that Mme. Duplay's sympathies were with the Komati party; but necessity compelled M. Duplay to take advantage of the kindly feeling which the governor manifested toward him, for scientific research in Japan, as well as China, is often brought to an abrupt termination by the superstitions common to the natives of both countries, and more than once M. Duplay would have found it impossible to proceed with his geological investigations but for Yaritomo's timely interference in his behalf.

The natural result of this state of things was a continuance of the friendly relations between the two families,—relations which subsequently led to Shakespeare's departure for Ravacha in company with M. Duplay and his children, and indirectly to the accident that compelled them to solicit Darli-Richita's hospitality.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DAIMIO'S REVELATION.

OLD Tokiwa had applied such an efficacious fomentation to Alice's swollen ankle that the young girl, on waking the next morning, thought herself entirely cured, and sprang nimbly from her couch; but the sharp pain she experienced when her foot touched the floor, made her cry out, and Marusaki, who was already up, rushed to her assistance.

"Ah! you will have to resign yourself to remaining our prisoner some days longer," she exclaimed. "A sprained ankle is not so easily cured as all that. We will do our best to keep you from becoming discontented during your stay, however."

"I am very sure I shall not become discontented in your company," responded Alice, warmly embracing her new friend. "I only wish I could run about this curious old castle with you. How provoking that I should be laid up in this way!"

"I'll call Tokiwa, and see if she can't do something for your poor little foot, and perhaps you'll be running about as briskly as ever a few days from now," answered Marusaki, consolingly.

Old Tokiwa promptly appeared, in answer to the summons, and proceeded to assist the girls in dressing, with salaams and profound reverences which amused Alice not a little.

On presenting each garment to the youthful visitor, for example, she showered compliments of this style upon her and her belongings,—

“Here is the illustrious young lady’s honourable petticoat,” “the noble visitor’s resplendent stockings,” or “the gracious stranger’s dignified slippers.” “Will the radiant young lady permit that humble worm of the earth, Tokiwa, to fasten her honourable dress?” etc., etc.

Alice could not help smiling, but she took care not to let the good old creature perceive it. More than once since their arrival in Japan the brother and sister had amused themselves by mimicking this grandiloquent style of talking, and many a time M. Duplay’s house had resounded with such expressions as, “my *respectable* umbrella,” “your *glorious* fork,” “our *sublime* slippers.” But these phrases, which sounded so ridiculous in the mouths of Tokio merchants, seemed much more appropriate in this old ruined castle. They seemed to become invested with a sort of archæological odour, and with the grandeur of years gone by. Alice soon began to realize this. As for Marusaki, she seemed to think the old servant’s manner perfectly natural, and expressed herself in a similar, though rather less extravagant, fashion.

When Alice began to arrange her hair, Tokiwa and her young mistress watched her every movement with eyes that expressed the most profound admiration for the wealth of golden tresses; but when she had finished, she glanced at Marusaki, and seeing how charming she looked in her gayly-flowered robe, she exclaimed,—

“If I dared, I would certainly ask you to lend me a dress like yours. It is so pretty, and it would be so amusing to appear before Gerard and papa transformed into a Japanese girl. They would hardly know me!”

Marusaki seemed delighted at the idea, and running to a closet, pulled out several even more fantastic and charming dresses. She wanted to dress Alice in the costume she had worn the evening before,—one that had come down to her from her mother, who had worn it “at the time of her nuptials,” she added, naïvely. But Alice declined that honour, and selected a gay robe of flowered linen, similar to that Marusaki was wearing, and confined it at the waist with a long, broad sash of pale blue silk.

“Now my hair ought to be arranged like yours,” cried Alice.

So old Tokiwa, taking possession of the beautiful golden hair, proceeded to construct a towering structure like that which crowned Marusaki’s head. Her attempt, it must be admitted, was not altogether successful, for the soft, fleecy hair of the little French girl did not adapt itself very well to the operation, and presented a much less smooth appearance than that of the Japanese women. Her companions were delighted, nevertheless, and when Marusaki had fastened a tiny bunch of red carnations in the golden hair, and placed a big paper fan in her hand, Alice made the prettiest little Japanese girl imaginable.

Even Dairi-Richita’s sombre visage relaxed into a smile when Marusaki ushered in her new friend in this attire, and it was evident that the little French girl’s whim pleased her dignified host immensely. He realized, for the first time in his life, perhaps, how much different races might gain by coming in contact with one another. This family of foreigners, so ready to adapt themselves to Japanese habits and customs, so quick to appreciate the charm and poesy of them, cast a ray of sunlight, as it were, into the depths of the Daimio’s gloomy soul.



“DAILI-RICHITA’S SOMBRE VISAGE RELAXED INTO A SMILE.”



The first breakfast consisted principally of boiled rice, which was eaten, as on the evening before, from the small lacquered trays that served as tables. There was none of the gayety, freedom and genial conversation that characterize a family repast in European households. Each person ate rapidly and in silence. Alice, who sat directly opposite Daïli-Richita, felt thoroughly uncomfortable, confronted by the morose face of her host, who dispatched his rice with marvellous celerity and without uttering a word. Accustomed to treat her own parents with affectionate familiarity, it seemed a terrible thing to her to have such a grim-looking father, and as she furtively compared his austere visage with the gentle and benevolent countenance of her beloved parent, she could not help congratulating herself that she had been born in France instead of in Japan.

After breakfast the children went out into the garden, leaving the two men of the party alone together.

Daïli-Richita offered M. Duplay an exquisitely-carved wooden pipe, containing about a thimbleful of pale golden-brown tobacco; then each of them seating himself on a mat, they began to smoke in silence.

The tobacco must have had a softening effect upon Daïli-Richita's heart, for when he offered his guest the wherewithal to replenish his pipe, his grim features relaxed into a smile.

"I should have been very much surprised, to say the least, if any one had predicted twenty years ago that I should ever find myself taking a friendly smoke with a European," he remarked. "In those days I knew little or nothing in regard to foreign countries or their inhabitants, and what—"

He checked himself abruptly, and M. Duplay smilingly completed the sentence for him by adding,—

“And what you have learned since has given you little desire to become better acquainted with them, you were about to say, were you not? I am not at all surprised that the innovations so suddenly imposed upon your countrymen have irritated you a little, especially as what I see of your family and the patriarchal customs you still maintain show me how distasteful this new order of things must be to you. Were it not for a fear of being considered too inquisitive, I should ask if it is not this that has induced a man like yourself to retire from the world instead of placing the talents with which Nature has endowed him at the service of his country. Do not think it is idle curiosity that impels me to speak thus. What I have just said seemed to come spontaneously from my lips, and I am surprised at my own audacity. Impute my words, I beg of you, to the interest and regard with which you and your children have inspired me.”

As he spoke, M. Duplay extended his hand to his host, who took it as cordially as it was offered.

“And I, too, have conceived a strong liking for you,” responded Darli-Richita, after a moment’s silence. “You are perfectly right in your conjecture that this sudden invasion of foreign manners and customs into my native land has excited my intense hatred against all those arrogant nations which have rushed in upon us as upon a subjugated country, criticising our customs, ridiculing our habits, and filling the heads of our young people with all sorts of absurd and foolish notions. The Japanese were a contented people before this invasion. We indulged in no dangerous experiments, but lived in a peace and happiness as complete as mortal man ever knew here below, simply by following in the footsteps of our ancestors. The sudden revolutions which are the curse of European



countries were unknown here. Our customs suited us; they were a part of ourselves,—a product of our country, a sequence of the natural order of things. And in a day they must all be changed: the fiat goes forth that we are to adopt those of foreign lands, without knowing how or why. I ask you frankly, would you yourself adopt in the twinkling of an eye laws and customs entirely alien to your country?"

"No one would ever think of forcing them upon us," was the reply that rose to M. Duplay's lips; but he repressed the imprudent words in time, and endeavoured to evade this rather dangerous question by saying,—

"I am not mistaken, then, in supposing that you have not always led this retired life?"

"No; you are perfectly right," answered Daïli-Richita. "This man you see living here in utter solitude, this man whose children are growing up in poverty and obscurity instead of being, as their rank and birth entitle them to be, among the first in the land,—this Daïli-Richita, whose castle can show, as its sole defenders, an aged serving-woman and a few half-starved peasants, who have remained faithful in the hour of misfortune, has been one of the powerful of the earth. He once had an army of vassals at his command; he has known what it is to be a leader among men, and to have a voice in the destinies of his country; and this man now does not hesitate to say that with his consent, Japan would never have presented the sorry spectacle she does to-day!"

"I can very readily understand how painful it must be to you to be deprived of your former rights and privileges," answered M. Duplay, soothingly; "but if I understand you aright, it was of your own free-will that you have retired to these remote estates. Perhaps you will

become reconciled to the changes that are taking place in your native land, some day. Everything—”

“Never!” interrupted Dairi-Richita violently, springing up, and pacing the room with rapid strides. “I shall never become reconciled to changes that have made my country—once the most beautiful land under heaven—a miserable copy of nations we know nothing about, and whose manners and customs we ape without in the least understanding them. No, I shall never be content, until the day comes when I see the ports of Japan closed, as of yore, to all foreigners,—until I see her governed by her own laws, administered by faithful and honest native-born citizens. What need have we of strangers? In years gone by we were happy and prosperous without them; they excited neither our envy nor our curiosity. Why did they come here to inflict their accursed civilization upon us? And, above all, why, ah, why have we ourselves opened our doors and our hearts to them, instead of receiving their overtures as they deserved to be received? I speak too plainly, perhaps,” he added, suddenly. “Pardon me for treating one who is my guest in this way; but you asked me to open my heart to you, and if I speak at all, I must speak the truth. Consider my words, then, a proof of the personal esteem I feel for you. Remember, too, that I grieve night and day over the humiliation of my country, and forgive me, if I have seemed wanting in courtesy.”

“I shall not forgive you if you do not continue to treat me with the same frankness,” exclaimed M. Duplay; “and I, in turn, must ask your pardon for my persistence. Let us forget, as you did a moment ago, that we are not of the same race, and let us consider the present condition of Japan. The events you deplore are irreparable in their effects; there is no such thing as going

backward ; no country has ever accomplished the retrograde movement you so ardently desire. Progress is a marvellous thing ; once it begins, there is no possibility of checking it, and one could not, if one would, plunge back again into darkness a people whose eyes have once been opened to the light. Even conceding that there is much which is very naturally distasteful and even obnoxious to you in our customs and institutions, it is none the less true that our progress in the arts and sciences merits your admiration, while in more than one department of the fine arts your instruction would be of inestimable advantage to us. Why do you object to an interchange of benefits ? I am sure you would not desire to return to the tents and wandering habits of your remote ancestors, the first Mongolians. So why should you desire to rid your mind of the more liberal and enlightened ideas which European civilization has introduced into it ? Besides, recollect that you have been subjected to no humiliation whatever. It was not a conquest, nor a superior armed force that imposed the customs you so deplore upon you ; it is of her own free-will that Japan has adopted them, and you may be sure, that so far as we are concerned, if we find anything to admire either in your art, your industrial productions or your customs, we shall be only too glad to profit by it. And, by the way, this son of yours, a lad who seems to me to be endowed with an unusually bright mind, will you not let him reconcile you to these foreign innovations, and profit by the advantages of both civilizations ?”

Daïli-Richita shook his head with an air of implacable resolve.

“My son was born a Japanese, and if I have any influence over him, he will die a Japanese. Never, with my consent,

shall he affiliate with the enemies of his country, who are my personal enemies as well, as you will see, for I propose to tell you my history. The regard I have conceived for you makes me desirous that you should judge of my conduct. I am unwilling that you should consider me a narrow-minded person, embittered by disappointed ambition, and incapable of comprehending any of the great issues of the day. Listen, and then judge.

“I belong to an ancient family of Daimios and Samurais. From time immemorial my ancestors have held important places in the councils of the nation. The annals of Japan are filled with their deeds of valour. They have always been jealous of their country’s honour, ambitious for her glory, and devotedly attached to her laws. As a child, my father taught me to revere the institutions of my country, and even then I was eager to pour out my blood in her defence. The determination to open our country to the so-called benefits of foreign civilization was a thunderbolt to me. I need not recall to your mind the well-known particulars of that national crisis. You know with what passion the Japanese espoused either one side or the other. The Civil War broke out. My education and character, as well as all the traditions of my race, at once decided me, and I unhesitatingly espoused the cause of old Japan, and at the head of my retainers, I tried to stem the tide of revolution. But, alas! all my efforts proved futile. The enemy was already in the heart of the citadel, for the Japanese, lost to all sense of honour, called the foreigner into our midst. A brutal invasion would have been less painful to me, for to see my own countrymen voluntarily bow their heads beneath the yoke!—— It was a terrible blow to me! but I was fated to undergo others still more terrible. Disaffection soon became apparent among my

followers. A vile traitor, named Yoshitsne, an obscure vassal, who had been protected and befriended by our family, did his best to increase this disaffection, and before I was aware of it, he went to carry the submission of nine-tenths of my men to the Mikado: and while, driven to desperation by this discovery, I was preparing for a last effort, in company with the few who had remained faithful to me, the wretch who had basely betrayed me received my confiscated property as a reward for his treachery. It is more than probable that he has become one of the most prominent men in the new party ere this."

"Have you never heard anything about him since?" inquired M. Duplay.

"Neither about him nor any one else. My life since then has been that of a proscribed man and of a wild beast, but it is not at all likely that the miserable wretch effected the degradation of his country for nothing. It is worse than useless to revert to the past. You have heard of the battle of Fujimu, near Kioto, a desperately-fought battle that lasted three days. I took part in it, and proved myself, I think, worthy of the blood that courses in my veins. I was known then as Daïli-Asama. Richita was a pet name in my boyhood, and I resumed it when I became an outcast. Ah, well! you can ask the old soldiers who took part in that battle what they think of Asama. They will tell you his fierce resistance has become one of the legends of our country,—I can speak of all this now as if some other person than myself had been concerned in the matter, it seems so long ago,—and I lost even the right to bear my own name, after having rendered it illustrious. Alas! nothing proved of any avail, neither right, nor valour, nor patriotism. It was decreed that we were to be vanquished; and, more unfortunate than

hundreds of my friends, I did not meet with death upon the field of honour. I was found, almost buried under a pile of dead bodies, by my wife, the gentle Haruka. Assisted by old Tokiwa, she bore me far from the scene of combat; and when I recovered consciousness, after the long interval of delirium caused by my wounds, it was to find myself in a cave alone with these two devoted women,—deserted by my followers, vanquished, powerless and despoiled of my property,—to learn, too, that our cause was irretrievably lost, and that Japan had not only opened her doors to the stranger, but was adopting his customs with the wildest enthusiasm: in short, that everything I loved and revered had vanished forever. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be nothing left for me but self-destruction, and I should certainly have put an end to my life but for the prayers and entreaties of my poor Haruka. Never very strong, the shocks and the privations she had been forced to undergo had proved too much for her. After nursing me back to life, she gradually faded away, like a flower severed from its parent stalk. She died in my arms, beseeching me, with her last breath, not to desert our children, my gentle Marusaki, and my little Inoya, then only a few months old. I made the sacrifice; I promised to live and rear my children in the faith of their ancestors. A price had been set on my head, and this fact made me take a strange pleasure in preserving it. After living five or six years in a secure retreat in the desert, I ventured to return here. The village was deserted, my castle a complete ruin, grass was growing in the halls where I had played as a child; even the carriage-road that led to my door was concealed by a thick growth of briars. The past seemed so nearly forgotten, and this region of country so deserted, that I yielded to the

temptation to resume possession of my old home,—poor and dilapidated as it had become.”

There was a silence. M. Duplay had listened with sorrowful interest to his host's sad story. The latter remained absorbed in his gloomy memories for several minutes, then, raising his head,—

“You can understand my feelings better now, perhaps,” he resumed with a melancholy smile. “I have seen all I held most sacred crumble away before my eyes. I have seen the institutions I had revered from infancy rudely demolished. I have lost everything,—wealth, rank, honours, and even the right to wield a sword. Under such circumstances it must be evident to you that existence can have few charms for me; but I promised my wife that, however much I might long for death, I would not take my own life; so day after day I see my country stripped of more and more of her former grandeur, and have even lost the power to utter a single protest against this deplorable state of things. If I should ask for a pardon,—a *pardon* for having fought in defence of the right,—the Mikado would probably grant it! But I would rather die a thousand deaths,—what do I say? No, I would rather live on in solitude and obscurity, brooding over the memory of our past greatness. I shall live and die here; my son will do the same after me. I have no hope of any improvement in this condition of affairs. As you remarked just now, a nation can make no retrograde movement, and I realize that Japan, having once opened her ports to the foreigner, can never close them again. Ah, well! then there is nothing left for me but resignation. I shall continue to vegetate here in poverty and obscurity, but never will I acquiesce or bow the knee to this new order of things!”

M. Duplay, deeply touched by the narrative he had just heard, silently extended his hand to his host, who pressed it warmly.

He did not know what to say in the way of advice or consolation to the unfortunate man who had made him his confidant. Chimerical as his ideas were, it was evident that Daïli-Richita held them dearer than his own life, and most assuredly a comparative stranger had no right to attempt to convince him of the fallacy of his reasoning, consequently there was nothing for him to do but remain silent.

There was one point, however, which still seemed to trouble him.

“Does this Yoshitsne of whom you spoke know your place of retreat?” he asked.

“I cannot say,” replied his companion, coldly. “I do not fear him, however, and if he ever ventures to approach my door he will meet with the reception he so richly deserves.”

Daïli-Richita's face wore such a ferocious expression as he uttered these words that M. Duplay did not pursue the subject further, but a vague disquietude filled his mind at the thought that he had unwittingly become the custodian of a secret upon which his host's safety depended. M. Duplay certainly had no intention of telling any one that he had enjoyed the Daimio's quaint hospitality in his old ruined castle; but could he be equally certain that his children, his valet, and above all, Shakespeare Yaritomo, would display the same prudence? He promised himself that he would exact a promise of the most rigorous silence concerning this episode from the last-named young gentleman, however, before they returned to Tokio.

“It is evidently of the greatest importance to keep your



place of retreat a profound secret," he remarked, thoughtfully.

"Unquestionably," was the reply. "Still, who would be likely to recognize the daring rebel Asama in Daïli-Richita? The stirring events in which I played a prominent part are now things of the past. I am poor, powerless, and well-nigh forgotten. I inhabit a ruin far from the haunts of men. One must be timorous indeed to fear me, or even to remember my existence."

## CHAPTER VI.

### INCREASING DISCONTENT.

WHILE the foregoing interview was taking place between the parents, the children were rapidly becoming better acquainted. Gerard, who was a pupil in a Paris lyceum, began to tell Inoya about his school-life and his studies and amusements there,—all of which seemed so marvellous to the little Japanese lad, that his eyes dilated with wonder. Shakespeare, jealous of the admiration his companion had excited, and desirous of proving himself an equally-favoured individual, began in turn to boast of the advantages he himself enjoyed at the famous Imperial University in Tokio. He described the beauties of the large hall, the interesting exercises attending the distribution of prizes, and the wonders of the chemical and physical laboratories, and also gave an enthusiastic account of the experiments conducted there. Strange to say, Inoya's interest and curiosity in regard to European countries, and foreign civilization in general, seemed to equal, if not exceed, his father's abhorrence of them, so he listened to Shakespeare with a rapt attention that flattered the youth not a little. At last, a rather imperfect description of the Leyden jar excited Inoya's curiosity to the highest pitch.

“Is that really so? Can you shut lightning up in a glass bottle, and draw sparks from it by placing your finger on a knob in the top?” he asked, wonderingly.

“Yes, my boy,” responded Shakespeare, in a patronizing tone, “and I assure you, one feels the spark plainly enough. If the shock was much stronger, it would stun you. In fact, by uniting several Leyden jars you can construct a battery powerful enough to kill an ox.”

“Is this true?” inquired Inoya, turning to Gerard, who seemed to inspire the young Japanese with implicit confidence.

“Perfectly true; and it is not the greatest wonder in the study of physics, I can tell you. Do you know that this lightning Shakespeare speaks of can also be made to transport any news intrusted to it over a metallic wire with the rapidity of thought itself? It is only necessary to have this wire carried on poles between the two places where one wishes to establish communication, and friends, no matter how far apart they may be, can converse with each other as if they were in the same room.”

“Even if they are as far from each other as Fuji and Ravacha?” asked Inoya.

“Even if they are ten, or a hundred, or a thousand times as far apart,” replied Gerard.

“Oh!” exclaimed the young Japanese. The idea seemed to overwhelm him. All this seemed so extraordinary, so utterly incomprehensible. Gerard, seeing him listen with so much interest, began to appreciate the pleasures and advantages of his school-life much more keenly than he had ever done before. Viewed now, from a distance, and divested of all its petty annoyances and hardships, a modern education presented itself to him in its true light, viz.: as one of the greatest blessings a youth can receive.

“And what do you study?” he inquired. “You are learning Greek and Latin, I suppose.”

“No.”

“Mathematics?”

“Not yet.”

“Nor French? I am studying English at home.”

“No,” replied the lad, dejectedly.

“History, then, and geography?”

“No. I am studying none of these things. I am committing the maxims of the sages to memory, and I am also learning to write.”

“Well, you can beat me at that, I am sure!” exclaimed Gerard, fearing that he had wounded his new friend’s feelings. “It is a fine thing to be able to draw as well as you do! Papa says there are many noted artists who cannot handle a pencil as you do.”

“Oh! one requires no teaching to do that,” responded Inoya. “Beside, what does it amount to? I wish I could see that room you are telling me about.”

“The physical laboratory? Oh, yes! it contains all sorts of apparatus,—retorts and crucibles, and Voltaic piles. Our lessons in physics are very interesting,—we are making experiments all the time. They are very often failures, but that does n’t matter. Another thing you would enjoy immensely is the telescope, through which you can study the sun and moon and stars as easily as if you had them in your hand. I’ll tell you what you ought to do:—you ought to ask your father to let you go back to France with us when we go, and then we can attend school together.”

Inoya sighed heavily, and a tear glistened in his eye.

“My father will never let me cross the ocean,” he answered, sadly. Darli-Richita hates foreigners. He will live and die in the home of his ancestors.”

“Oh! but one can always return to the home of his

ancestors," exclaimed Gerard, who was of a very practical turn of mind. "I myself have left Paris,—the home of my ancestors,—but I count upon returning. There are a great many Japanese being educated in Europe now. I have met at least a dozen of them in Paris.

"I know that," replied Inoya, dolefully; "but Darli-Richita's son will never be one of them. He will live and die in these old ruins."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind that very much, if I were you," said Gerard, to console him. "Your country is quite as beautiful as ours, and perhaps you would be disappointed if you did go to a European school. It is n't always smooth sailing, is it, Shakespeare?"

Shakespeare took good care to say nothing about the chaffing and ridicule that his fellow-students heaped upon him on account of his ignorance, the thickness of his brain, and his overweening vanity and conceit; but went on expatiating upon the immense advantages of a modern education, and in this way aroused the spirit of mischief in Omar, who was sitting in the sunshine a short distance from the boys, in a corner of Inoya's little garden. Had he been within M. Duplay's hearing, he would not have attempted to indulge in any pleasantry, but he felt safe for the time being.

"Ah, Monsieur Shakespeare!" he began, obsequiously, "it is easy to see that you have had the advantages of a European education; but it surprises me that such a well-educated person should know so little about etiquette."

"What do you mean?" asked Shakespeare, much alarmed.

"Why, I saw you drinking at the table just now, and with all due respect to you, I must say that your table manners are not what they should be. In all the gay

capitals I have visited it is customary to drain one's cup, and then turn it bottom-side-up, in order to show that one has enjoyed the contents and drunk every drop."

"Thank you, thank you, Omar!" cried Shakespeare, with effusion. "I recollect now having heard this time-honoured custom mentioned. If I have neglected it, it is merely from forgetfulness on my part, I assure you."

"There are a few hints, too, that I should like to give you in regard to your dress," continued Omar, imper turbably. "In Paris, young men of fashion do not dress as you do in the evening."

"That is strange, for I have watched M. Duplay very closely —"

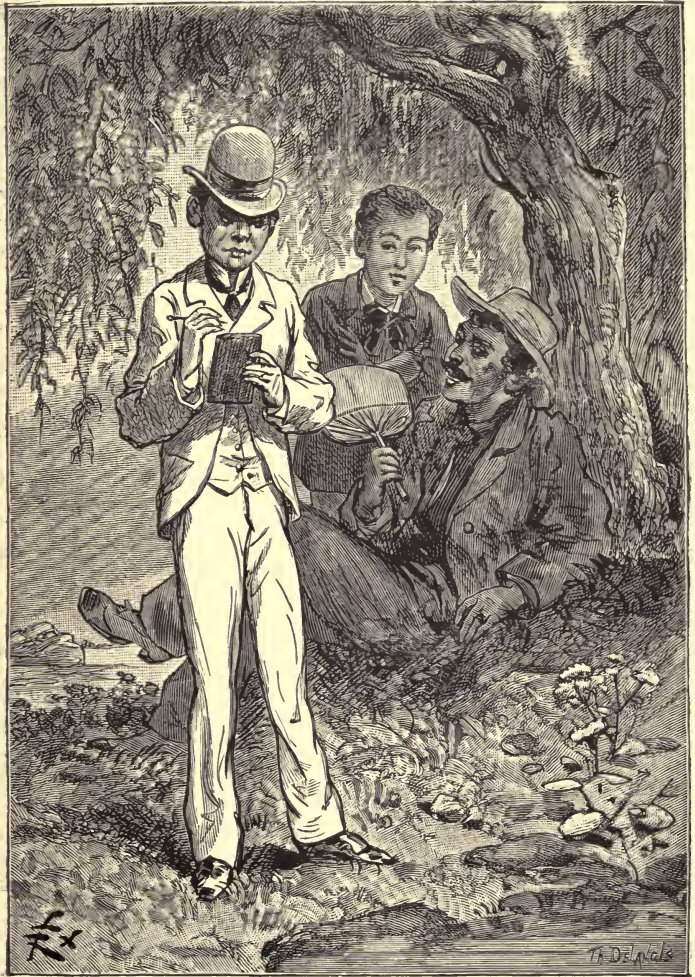
"Oh, yes, unquestionably! but, in the first place, M. Duplay is travelling; and, in the second place, he does not pride himself on being a model of elegance in his attire."

"Tell me, then!" said Shakespeare, much interested.

"Well, as you can very readily imagine, men do not take the trouble to have their dress-shirts starched as stiff as buckram to hide them afterwards, so they wear them outside their trousers in the evening. Worn in this way with a black broadcloth suit, the effect is extremely stylish."

"Yes, the contrast between the black and white must be very effective," responded poor Shakespeare, naïvely. "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, Omar; and when I attend the next ball at the French or English legation, I shall profit by your advice. And now what else?"

"Well, I notice you always wear patent-leather shoes with your dress-suit. That does n't do at all. It is the fashion now to wear russet shoes and a white straw hat with a black suit. The shoes, hat and shirt relieve the sombreness of the costume, you see."



“SHAKESPEARE DREW OUT HIS NOTE-BOOK.”





Shakespeare pulled out his note-book, and hastily jotted down these valuable hints.

“Stop that, Omar,” said Gerard, in a whispered aside.

“Let him alone, or you ’ll make him more of a simpleton than he is now.”

“That would be impossible!” replied Omar, who hated the governor’s son and heir most cordially. “It makes me mad to see him put on such airs with little Inoya here, who is no bigger than my fist, it is true, but worth a dozen of him.”

“That is all very well, but you know my father does n’t like these jokes, and you had better not indulge in them in his presence, or behind his back, either.”

Just at that instant Gerard, who was amusing himself while he talked in lightening up a pile of earth in which Inoya intended planting some new flowers, made a mis-step, and fell full length upon his shovel. He sprang up, laughing at his awkwardness, but, on drawing his watch from his pocket a few minutes afterwards, he discovered that the glass was broken and the hands badly bent. The watch, too, had stopped.

“Look! my watch is broken!” he exclaimed, much troubled. “How shall I ever get it mended here?”

“Yes, watchmakers are scarce in these parts, I must admit,” responded Omar.

“You can see what the matter is with it, can’t you?”

“No, Monsieur Gerard; I don’t know anything about watches—”

“Will you let me look at it?” asked Inoya, eagerly, his eyes shining like stars.

“Oh, certainly! Do you know anything about watches, Inoya?”

“I never had one in my hands before, but I’ve been longing for a look at yours or M. Duplay’s.”

“Why did n’t you say so? Be careful, though; the works are very delicate.”

Inoya took the watch, and seating himself in a corner, soon became absorbed in a study of the mechanism. Gerard began to shovel dirt again; Omar was sleeping peacefully, imitated by Shakespeare, who had spread his fine cambric handkerchief over his face, as he had seen Omar arrange his big bandanna to protect himself from the flies.

Not very long afterwards, Inoya brought the watch back to his friend. The glass was, of course, lacking, but the hands had been straightened, and the ticking had begun again.

“It is going, you see,” remarked Inoya, quietly, though he looked pale, and seemed much excited.

“What!” exclaimed Gerard, greatly pleased. “Why, how did you do it? You had to take it to pieces, did n’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You must have had tools to do that.”

“No, I had only my fingers.”

“But how did you manage to make it go? The works of a watch are very complicated.”

“I looked and searched; I was so anxious to see it go again, I forced it to, I think. A watch is wonderful. One would almost think it was alive.”

“Yes, though but for you this one would have been the same as dead. Come with me, and let me tell my father what you have done. He will be astonished, I can tell you.”

And Gerard ran to M. Duplay, who was just entering the garden, and told him what had occurred, proudly displaying his watch, which was going as well as ever.

M. Duplay placed his hand on the shaven head of the young Japanese, and gazed thoughtfully at his intelligent, mobile face.

"You like study, do you not, Inoya?" he asked. "You like to understand the reason of things,—to know how to account for them, and to be able to judge what their effect will be?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lad, with a sigh.

"How did you manage to obtain an insight into the workings of this watch, when you had never seen one before?"

"I took it apart, piece by piece; I said to myself: 'What makes it tick? What makes it tell the time?' And then, all at once, I understood. I saw that it was only necessary to move a tiny steel spring, and I did it—" said Inoya, lifting his earnest, intelligent eyes to M. Duplay's face.

That gentleman smiled down kindly upon him. The boy's answer reminded him of Newton's, when he was asked how he discovered the law of gravitation,—

"By thinking about it."

"It would be a shame, an outrageous shame," M. Duplay said to himself, as he walked down the path with his hand resting lightly on Inoya's shoulder, "to let such a mind as this run to waste. Even at the risk of displeasing or seriously offending him, I must try to convince Da'li-Richita that it would be a crime to allow this child to grow up in ignorance. I will speak to him this very evening."

He was as good as his word. That night, after relating this fresh proof of Inoya's intelligence, he asked his host very plainly if his conscience did not tell him it was his bounden duty to do everything in

his power to facilitate the cultivation of a mind so eager for knowledge and instruction.

But Darli-Richita remained obdurate. In vain M. Duplay endeavoured to convince him of the incalculable benefits of a modern education; all his arguments proved futile.

“Inoya will receive an old-fashioned Japanese education,” he replied, stolidly,—“an education like his father’s and forefathers’. It sufficed to make them good patriots and brave and virtuous men. It must suffice for him, as well!”

## CHAPTER VII.

### INOYA'S FLIGHT.

A LICE had entirely recovered from her accident, and M. Duplay, not wishing to trespass too long upon Darli-Richita's hospitality, was preparing to leave the castle.

This was a great trial to Inoya, for he had not only become much attached to Alice and Gerard, but he realized how terribly he would miss M. Duplay's instructive conversation. He would hear no more of those courteous discussions with his father; no more of those interesting descriptions of modern inventions, to which he would have gladly listened for hours.

He thought of all this with profound regret, as he walked through his little garden, selecting his choicest flowers as a farewell offering to his departing friends.

He insisted upon accompanying them to the farther end of the valley, and when he at last saw them disappear from sight around a bend in the scarcely-perceptible path that led southward, a feeling of intense sadness overwhelmed him, and he seated himself abstractedly upon the border of a tiny lake. There was a fishing-line in one of the large sleeves of his kimono; he unrolled it, fastened it to a pole, baited it, and attempted to fish, but his thoughts were far away, and although several spotted beauties came and nibbled at the bait, he did not even think to pull his line out of the water.

A hand laid lightly on his shoulder, made him turn his head.

It was his sister, Marusaki, who was gazing at him with anxious eyes.

“What ails my beloved Inoya?” she asked, gently. “His lips do not smile, and I see a tear glittering in the corner of his eye.”

“Oh, Marusaki, I am so unhappy!” cried Inoya, throwing his arms about her neck.

“And why?”

“I want to be a learned man. I want to see and know all about those wonderful modern inventions, and I shall always be an ignoramus, and have to spend my life here in this wretched hole.

“Is that what you call the home of your ancestors Inoya,—the house where you, as well as our father, was born, where he has reared us with so much care, and where we have lived so happily?”

“Oh, I know I am ungrateful, my dear Marusaki! but how can I help it? When I think how bitterly opposed father is to my studying about these things, I—”

He burst into tears, and picking up his fishing-tackle, directed his steps homeward, followed by his sister.

Marusaki watched him sadly. Content with her own lot, and with no ambition except to make those around her happy, the gentle girl could not understand Inoya's longing to behold the wonders of that unknown world, which their new friends had so glowingly described.

Darli-Richita was waiting for them at the door.

“Here, Inoya, is a letter you must take to your Uncle Arichito,” he said. “All the servants are busy in the rice-fields, and I cannot call upon them. If you start in half an hour, you can easily get back before sunset.”



“INOYA DID NOT EVEN THINK TO DRAW HIS LINE OUT  
OF THE WATER.”





"Why not let him remain at uncle's until to-morrow, Father? It would do him good," ventured Marusaki, anxious to divert her brother's thoughts.

"Very well," replied her father, kindly. "He need not return for several days, unless he chooses. I expect his aunt will want to keep him awhile."

Inoya seemed pleased at the idea, and at once began his preparations for departure. His kind sister thoughtfully filled the big sleeves of his kimono with the choicest dainties she could find in the larder. After she had encircled her brother's waist with a handsome silk sash, she made him put on his *getas*, or travelling shoes,—a queer sort of footgear, with soles made of three graduated layers of kiri wood,—and one of the deep capes of oiled paper, which serve as a tolerably good substitute for our mackintoshes, and upon his head a hat made of rushes, shaped like a big mushroom.

Thus equipped, Inoya bade his father good-by, and after an even more affectionate farewell to his sister, trotted off on his queer three-story sandals.

It was not without a feeling of mingled sorrow and remorse that Inoya quitted the paternal mansion, for he was revolving a daring and even wicked scheme in his mind. This was to go to Tokio, and see the famous college and other wonders Gerard and Shakespeare had described, instead of remaining several days at his uncle's, as his father had given him permission to do.

Such a strange plan could have originated only in the round pate of a Japanese lad. To leave the paternal roof and sally forth in quest of an education is a misdemeanor of rare occurrence in other countries; but this was Inoya's scheme. An intense thirst for knowledge was consum-

ing him; he felt humiliated by his ignorance of the sciences, the mere names of which had been more than enough to excite his curiosity to the highest pitch.

Plans of this nature were engrossing his attention as he approached the village of Sontag, where his Uncle Arichito resided. On his arrival there he had not fully made up his mind to carry them into execution, but an incident that occurred soon decided him.

To reach his uncle's house he was obliged to pass the village school, which he had occasionally attended, though only a visitor, as he had never received any instruction except from his father. He entered it now to pay his respects to the teacher, who greeted him very cordially, and called his attention to certain improvements lately introduced into the school in the shape of desks and benches for the use of the pupils, who were ranged, the boys on the right, the girls on the left, side of the school-room. Up to this time they had been in the habit of squatting on the floor to study their lessons or write their exercises; now they were seated on wooden benches, like civilized children.

“What!” thought Inoya, “even these little peasants are enjoying the advantages of foreign civilization, while I remain in barbarism,—a stranger to all these customs and improvements! No; this decides me. I shall go to Tokio!”

It is quite true that Inoya might have persuaded his father to allow him the educational advantages of a wooden bench in the village school-house at Sontag, but the lad now regarded that modest institution with supreme contempt. It was to a college he was resolved to go,—a fine, modern college or university, with a physical and chemical laboratory; so, his mind being fully made up, he informed

his uncle that he would be obliged to leave almost immediately.

"I wish I could keep you several days, but as you can stay only a few minutes, let me make you a little present," said that worthy man, slipping two shining silver coins into his nephew's palm.

He knew that Darli-Richita was poor, and took advantage of every opportunity to indirectly assist him and his children.

Inoya accepted with gratitude a gift that would assist him very considerably in the execution of his plans, and asked to see his aunt, who came in haste from the farther end of the garden, where she was engaged in embroidering an *obi* for her husband.

"What!" she cried; "Inoya here, and I, who have been planning a surprise for him so long, knew nothing about it!"

She dragged him out into the court-yard, and proudly exhibited to his admiring eyes a small white rabbit. These tiny animals were considered such a curiosity in Japan several years ago that persons sometimes paid as much as seven or eight hundred francs for them, so it is little wonder that Inoya stood for a moment speechless with surprise and delight, half inclined to abandon his plans altogether in order to enjoy the company of the pretty little creature, who sat nibbling some lettuce leaves with a contented air.

"Little Kiko is yours, Inoya. I make you a present of him. You can take him away with you, if you wish."

"Take him away with me?" exclaimed Inoya, hardly believing his own ears. "Do you really mean to give him to me for my very own?"

"Yes, my dear. The manager of our tea plantation

gave him to me some time ago, and I have been saving him for you."

Inoya hardly knew how to thank his aunt, who, on hearing that he intended to return home that same evening, advised him to leave without delay, so he could reach his destination before dark.

Inoya departed with his treasure pressed tightly to his heart; but Kiko, frightened by this new mode of locomotion, fidgeted about, with the evident intention of making his escape at the first opportunity, so Inoya, to prevent this, tied him up in his broad silk sash in such a way that only his little white head was visible.

With this new companion, things wore a more cheerful aspect. The lonely journey he had dreaded so much had no terrors for him, now Kiko was to share its dangers with him, so he walked briskly on, happy one moment at the prospect of seeing Tokio, and perhaps of even gaining admission into the famous college there, and miserable the next with remorse for having deserted his father and sister.

When he thought of that, Inoya paused, and even began to retrace his steps; then he said to himself,—

"No; I will write to them, and they will forgive me; I am sure they will, they are so kind;" and once more resumed his journey.

On reaching the banks of a small stream, Inoya thought this would be a good opportunity to partake of some of the viands which Marusaki and his aunt had stored away in his big sleeves. Kiko accepted his share of the lunch very good-naturedly, and even carried his amiability so far as to eat from Inoya's hand.

The repast ended, they resumed their journey, but, as night came on, Inoya began to realize that a pedestrian tour is not without its discomforts.

He looked about for a place to sleep, but could find nothing better than an old tree, which was hollow at its base. Into this he crept, with Kiko in his arms, and soon fell asleep, in spite of the hardness of his couch and the thinness of his coverlet, which consisted solely of his mantle of oiled paper.

It was broad daylight when he woke, and his limbs were so stiff from his long rest on the damp ground that he could hardly get upon his feet. Kiko, who had been warmly wrapped in the silken folds of his new master's *obi*, seemed as lively as ever, and his good-humour had the effect of restoring Inoya's courage.

Despite the almost universal antipathy to cold water among the Japanese, he went to a neighbouring brook to wash his face and hands, and having completed his toilet, and eaten the rest of his rice-cake, he walked on again, and soon reached the Tokaido road, the great highway that extends from one end of the island to the other. Soon a cart appeared, drawn by a small, dejected-looking horse with long ears. In the cart sat a big man, surrounded with chests of tea, and placidly smoking his pipe.

Inoya asked him to give him a seat in the vehicle, in exchange for one of his pieces of silver. The tea-merchant consented, and Inoya stretched himself out upon the boxes of tea, and was soon sound asleep. This rest did him good, and his limbs felt much stronger when the merchant reached his destination, a village about thirty miles farther on.

Here Inoya purchased several loaves of rice-bread, and then resumed his journey. Night was approaching, and the little traveller felt terribly forlorn and depressed. He had left the mountains now, and the plain stretched

before him, lonely and desolate. As the twilight deepened, the landscape assumed a weird and fantastic aspect; the clumps of pines loomed up against the sky like so many giants; the branches of the wild camelia bushes that bordered the road waved gently and mysteriously to and fro in the evening breeze. Inoya quickened his pace; he was not exactly afraid, and yet he pressed Kiko more closely to his breast, with the air of a person who would not be sorry to have a more stalwart travelling companion.

As the last rays of the setting sun disappeared, a cold rain began to fall, chilling the poor little fugitive to the bone as he hurried on. Oh, how he regretted his escapade now!

Undoubtedly at this very moment his father was comfortably seated beside the *hibachi*; and Marusaki was pouring him out a cup of fragrant tea, while the two chatted pleasantly together on the finely-woven mat, or *talami*, in the warm and cosy room.

Two big tears mounted to his eyes, but he quickly dashed them away. No; in spite of the wind and rain, in spite of the gloom and the vague fear that oppressed him, he would push on, he would reach Tokio, he would go to college!

But he forgot the road, soaked with rain and already transformed into a succession of sloughs and mud-holes.

He soon saw that he would be obliged to stop, but where could he find a shelter from the fast-falling rain? A stack of barley straw stood in a field a little way off. He climbed to the top of it, and after making a hole in the straw, crawled into it, and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning at daybreak he started again, but he was so stiff he could hardly walk, and every bone

in his body ached terribly. The road wound in and out before him, like a ribbon. No houses or villages were visible, and a dense fog hid the neighbouring hills from view. Inoya walked on, like one in a dream, vaguely hoping he might meet some human being, but long, dreary hours passed, and his wish remained ungratified.

Occasionally the sun shone out from between passing clouds, making the atmosphere intolerably sultry and oppressive. This, together with fatigue and hunger,—for his stock of provisions was now exhausted,—weakened him terribly. In a shamefaced way he asked some laborers he met to give him a piece of rice-bread in exchange for his sash of embroidered silk; but they answered only with sneers, and more and more feebly he tottered on, hardly conscious what he was doing.

Several times he was obliged to seat himself on a rock or stump to rest, and to relieve his hunger by gnawing a twig or root. Thus the day wore away, and at nightfall the poor lad dropped down by the roadside, between two ditches, without having strength to stagger to his feet again.

Several times he attempted it, but with a head as heavy as lead, and benumbed limbs, he sank back again in the same spot.

The cold, damp, starless night closed in upon him. In the distance he could hear the shrill yelping of foxes and the dismal notes of several screech-owls. Too weak now to feel any fear, he remained stretched out on the ground, with his head resting on a stone, his limbs benumbed with cold, and his temples throbbing heavily.

The hours dragged wearily along, but sleep did not

come to quiet, even partially, the gnawings of hunger. Trying to warm his chilled fingers in Kiko's warm fur, he closed his eyes, only to behold once again a vision of his father's plain but comfortable home, and to think of Marusaki's loving care and tenderness. Then his senses began to fail him, and finally deserted him altogether.

The light of a clear, bright day was dawning when he again opened his eyes.

"The walking will be better now," he said to himself. "I'll try to go on a little way."

But his aching limbs refused to serve him, and an appalling consciousness of his utter helplessness overwhelmed him.

"I am dying!" he thought. "My dear father, my beloved Marusaki, farewell! Forgive—forgive—"

His voice died away in a sob; his head sank back on the stone, and his body became rigid. He heaved a deep sigh, a scalding tear rolled down his cheek, and he lost consciousness entirely. A lark soared heavenward, blithely chanting the praises of the lovely spring morning; the air was soft and balmy, and the entire plain seemed to laugh with joy, as the glorious sun majestically ascended into an azure sky above the distant hills.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### A NEW FRIEND.

“COME, come, my boy! this will never do! Take one more mouthful! Now try again. It is the best of *saké*. There, that is better. He is opening his eyes at last!”

Inoya attempted to rise, but only sank back again the next instant into the arms of an old man, with a skin like parchment, who was endeavouring to restore him to life.

Another swallow of *saké* gave him strength to murmur a few words, and smiling up gratefully into his preserver's face, he said, feebly,—

“I'm so hungry!”

“It's a very good sign that you know it, my little man. I'll give you something to eat in a moment, but you must take a few more mouthfuls of brandy, first.”

Under the reviving influence of this powerful stimulant, Inoya soon began to feel as if he had indeed been born again, and was able to raise himself on one elbow and look around him.

“I'm not one who expects impossibilities,” continued the aged stranger; “and I'm not in the habit of looking for fishes on trees, but when I saw you lying there, all cold and rigid, I said to myself that a swallow of *saké* would bring you to life. Now, my little Inoya, eat this, and you will soon be all right again.”

“How did you find out my name?” inquired Inoya, much surprised.

“The first thing I did was to look and see if you wore your bag of amulets, and it was on that I saw your name. If you had lost it, your death would have been certain, and I should not even have made an attempt to restore you to life.”

Inoya felt instinctively for the tiny bag of red satin embroidered with gold, which he always wore about his neck, in accordance with the Japanese custom, and which, not only contained several talismans, but a small tablet bearing these words: “Inoya, son of Darli-Richita, Daimio, of Nagaharon Castle, in the district of Tamiokano.”

Inoya gazed at the old man with a wondering air.

“What is your name?” he asked, at last.

“Miva. I am a worker in lacquer, and live in the suburbs of Tokio.”

“Tokio!” exclaimed Inoya. “How fortunate you are!”

“And why?”

“Why, because there are fine schools in Tokio, where one can learn everything.”

“But, my child, tell me how it happens that you are so far from home?”

Inoya hung his head, and reflected a moment. Should he tell this good man a falsehood? No; he would rather run the risk of being taken back to his father.

At last he looked up.

“I ran away from my father to go to Tokio to school,” he answered, frankly.

Miva looked at him a moment without uttering a word; then, in a serious tone, he said,—

“An obedient son is a greater treasure than the wealth

of the Mikado.' 'Better had a father rear a serpent than an ungrateful son.' 'Obedience is the chief of virtues.' 'The child who does not love his father is the delight of demons'—"

Inoya was thoroughly disconcerted for a moment by this shower of Japanese proverbs, with which he had been familiar from childhood; then he exclaimed, suddenly,—

"But I do love my father! It is because I love him that I left him."

"What do you mean?"

"My father is a Daimio, it is true, but he is poor. The new Government has taken all his property from him, and I,—I want to get an education, so I can make him comfortable and happy in his old age. To do this, I had to run away; but I shall write him such respectful and affectionate letters that I am sure he will forgive me, especially as my sister, Marusaki, will intercede for me."

"I know that 'it is easier to empty the ocean with an egg-shell than to destroy a fixed resolution;' but, have you considered all the probable consequences of this step, my dear child? Do you know what awaits you in Tokio?"

"Suffering and poverty, I suppose."

"Have you any money?"

"No; but I have hands to work, and eyes to see."

"Such possessions are better than riches, I admit. Still, to make them available, one must have a trade."

"I can draw quite well," said Inoya, "and I might earn my living in that way."

"You will find it no easy matter, my child. You interest me, though, and I will take you to my humble home, where we will try to get along somehow or other until you decide what it is best to do. I am a lacquerer, as I told you. It is not a very lucrative trade, but, suffi-

cient unto the day is the evil thereof, and with the assistance of the good spirits one manages to live."

"Oh, thank you, my dear Miva!" exclaimed Inoya, pressing the hand of the aged man gratefully to his heart. "May the gods crown your old age with peace and happiness! I will promise to be a son to you."

"Do you feel able to walk now?"

"Yes, father; your kind care has restored me."

"Let us go on, then."

As Inoya rose to his feet, he felt something move in one of his big sleeves. It was Kiko, whom he had entirely forgotten at the moment of his restoration to consciousness.

"My poor Kiko!" he cried, displaying him to Miva, who greatly admired the pretty little animal, still so rare in Japan.

Kiko, when placed on the ground, gambolled about awhile, and then concluded to eat his breakfast of thyme in the ditch close by. When he had finished they all resumed their journey.

Miva was old and bent, but he walked on quite briskly, smiling kindly upon his little companion now and then. His face, though as shrivelled as a winter apple, indicated both benevolence and goodness, and his little black eyes twinkled with fun. Inoya felt deeply grateful to this kind friend, who had certainly saved him from death, and secretly resolved to do everything in his power to prove his gratitude.

A few hours afterwards the travellers reached a small village, standing in quite a large grove of trees. Most of the houses were surrounded by broad hedges, some at least seven or eight feet high. There were many extensive fields filled with the tea-plant and with mulberry



“THE TWO TRAVELLERS REACHED A SMALL VILLAGE.”



trees; and all along the roadside long strings of yellow cocoons were hanging in the sun.

"You must be tired, so we will stop and spend the night here," remarked Miva.

"Are you not going back to Tokio?" asked Inoya, anxiously.

"Of course, my little friend. We will resume our journey to-morrow; but I must first secure a supply of lacquer. It was that which brought me here."

"Where are we?"

"Near Nikko, the incomparable city. You know the proverb: 'One who has not seen Nikko does not know what beauty is.' Look! you can catch a glimpse of the roofs of several temples there in the distance."

Inoya turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and stood as if spellbound. Lofty mountain peaks, many of them covered with snow, were clustered around one still more elevated,—the Nantai-zan, which the Japanese worship as a god. Deep ravines, majestic forests, placid lakes of emerald hue, embowered in luxuriant shrubbery, innumerable cascades and foaming torrents, a vegetation of inconceivable richness, azalias and magnolias growing wild beside masses of pink and white camelias, and superb ferns of every sort and kind, together with many of the wild flowers of our own land,—the forget-me-not, buttercup and violet,—were all combined in the beautiful and imposing landscape that greeted Inoya's enraptured eyes.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Miva, at last. "We must hasten on to Toya's *yadoya*. That is the best inn here. If you want to go with me to get varnish after you've rested awhile, you can do so, but we must n't waste any more time."

So Inoya, tearing himself from the contemplation of

all this sun-gilded splendour, for that is the literal translation of the word "Nikko," followed his new protector.

They soon reached the *chaya*, or tea-garden, in front of the inn. It was really a sort of summer-house, the roof of which was supported by four large posts painted black, and under which several half-naked peasants were soundly sleeping.

On seeing the travellers, a servant came out, and gave them some warm water to wash their feet, for in Japan no person ever enters a decent dwelling with his shoes on, or with dusty feet.

They were next served with tea, according to the custom of the country, and afterwards with rice which had been previously cooked, and was now warmed up by throwing it into boiling water a moment, and with some salt fish. Inoya did ample justice to the repast, after which he stretched himself out on the floor, and was soon sound asleep.

On waking, he found that Miva had already secured quite a quantity of lacquer, and decided to accompany him and assist him in obtaining a still larger supply. This was an operation he had long desired to witness, and he was delighted to have an opportunity at last.

Miva conducted him to a marshy valley, shut in on one side by a range of hills, whose sides were covered with tall cryptomerias. A short, stout man, with a face frightfully disfigured by small-pox, emerged from a hut almost hidden among the trees and approached them. He was the owner of the *rhus vernicefera*, or varnish tree, which somewhat resembles the European ash. In these trees deep incisions are made, and a copious flow of varnish is thus secured.

Lacquer being black, in most instances, Inoya had



always imagined that the varnish from which it was made was the same colour. Judge of his astonishment, therefore, when he saw a thick, white liquid, which was very like cream in appearance, flowing from the trees, but which subsequently turned much darker on exposure to the air!

Inoya, having approached to see the incision made in one of the trees, was about to put his fingers into it, when Miva shouted to him not to do it.

It is quite dangerous, especially to those who are not used to working in it, to touch the sap of the varnish tree. Its very odour is poisonous to some persons, a fact so well known that no native of Japan will go to sleep, or even lie down to rest, in the shade of one of these trees.

After this half day of fine weather, it began to rain again, but the people of this locality did not seem to mind it in the least. In fact, bad weather is the rule rather than the exception in Nikko, for it rains there almost from one year's end to another.

Miva, after paying the owner of the grove what he owed him, made arrangements to have his varnish transported to the inn, and then returned to it himself, in company with Inoya.

It was late when they arrived there, and the floor of the common sleeping-apartment was already nearly covered with recumbent forms. All the openings having been closed with screens covered with oiled paper, the air was exceedingly foul and oppressive, and a fire-box, burning in the middle of the room, made the atmosphere even more intolerable.

Inoya could not repress a sigh, as he looked around for a vacant place among the crowd of sleepers. A strong feeling of repulsion seized him as he remembered his own

neat little chamber at home, with its walls decorated with gay flowers, its spotless mats, and coverlets embroidered by Marusaki's clever fingers. As he stood there, undecided what to do, he perceived that Miva was surveying the sleeping accommodations with equal disfavour.

"I see that this place suits you no better than it does me, my little man," he said, good-naturedly. "Come, let us go out into the tea-garden. It isn't very cold, and we shall at least get some fresh air out there."

Ten minutes afterwards Inoya was fast asleep beside Miva, with his white rabbit tightly clasped in his arms. In dreams he again revisited the home he had deserted, and even in slumber his heart swelled almost to bursting, at the thought that his father might never forgive him for having left it without his consent.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN TOKIO.

“WAKE up, my boy! ‘Morning has gold in her hand for those who are first to greet her,’ you know.”

It was with these words that Miva aroused his little travelling companion the next morning at break of day. Inoya sprang up, and after a quick plunge into the bath provided for guests in the inn, announced himself ready for departure. The varnish had already been loaded on the back of a little short-tailed red cow, that did not seem at all surprised to find herself enacting the part of a beast of burden. Kiko was installed in a basket on the patient animal’s back, and the party started.

An hour later the travellers passed through Nikko, without having time to inspect the magnificent temples in which the remains of Ieyasu and Iemitsu, the great founders of the Shogunate, repose.

After this their route lay over a road that reminded one of an avenue in some magnificent park, not only on account of the care with which it was kept, but by reason of the beautiful trees that bordered it. In this land, where the climate in summer is both warm and moist, vegetation is extremely luxuriant. Every rock is covered with moss and ferns, and every field is thickly studied with brilliant flowers.

The only fault in this road—and it is one which does

not in the least detract from its picturesque character—is that one occasionally encounters veritable flights of steps. This made the descent extremely difficult for the poor cow, and Inoya had to keep a tight hold on her tail to support her, while Miva walked on a little ahead, dragging her after him.

This road, bordered with small, scrupulously-neat one-story houses, gives one the impression of a land of pigmies. One might almost believe these dwellings had been constructed for the use of dolls, each object is so dainty and diminutive.

The travellers tarried a few moments in Imaichi, which commands one of the most justly-celebrated views in Japan.

The two magnificent avenues leading from Nikko unite at Imaichi. It is said that the superb cryptomeria that border them were planted by some devout soul in honour of the Shoguns interred at Nikko, because he was too poor to purchase a certain bronze lantern which he wished to suspend over their tomb. Be that as it may, he could certainly have given them no grander monument, for these avenues are conceded to be chief among the many wonders of Japan.

Miva and his companion had chosen the Reichichi-Kaido road. This is a broad highway, about fifty miles long, that is sunk about eight feet below the banks on which the trees were planted. These banks are covered with a rich growth of mosses and lichens; above rise the gigantic cryptomeria; then come two grass-grown foot-paths; and, lastly, a glorious hedge of roses and azaleas. Many of the trees amazed Inoya by their colossal dimensions, the trunk of one being twenty-five feet in circumference at the base.

The fact that the branches do not appear until the trees attain an altitude of about eighty feet, and that the entire bark is marked with longitudinal lines, greatly increases their apparent height.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more grand and imposing than this Reihichi-Kaido avenue, with its mysterious gloom, the soft sighing of the breeze through the dense foliage, and the countless varieties of beautiful flowers that grow amid the grass. Now and then one comes to a small village, or a deserted temple, whose bells chime softly as the wind sways them gently to and fro.

Inoya was very tired, but he forgot his weariness in his enthusiastic admiration of the natural beauties around him, and as he gazed, he became conscious of a still more ardent love for the land of his birth,—a more intense desire to see her great and powerful,—as great as those foreign countries which Gerard and his father had described to him; and as he trudged along he said to himself that henceforth he would not study merely for the pleasure of learning, or even to insure his father a competence in his old age, but to be of service to his country,—to make himself a worthy son of such a beautiful land.

His courage had returned now. He felt confident that he should succeed in his undertaking, and that he should secure his father's forgiveness eventually. Towards evening the travellers reached Tochigi. This is quite a large town, which once formed a part of the feudal domain of a famous Daimio. Most of the residents follow the trade of rope-making, in order to utilize the flax which grows in great abundance in this locality.

After a day spent at the house of one of Miva's

friends, Inoya felt much refreshed, and was eager to continue his journey.

The road continued to descend rapidly, and very soon the snow-clad mountains in the horizon were replaced, first by foot-hills, and finally by a comparatively level country.

Two days after leaving Nikko the travellers came in sight of the plain of Tokio.

"We are not far from our destination now," said Miva. "I shall sleep under my own roof to-night, and I shall not be sorry for it, I assure you."

In proportion as they neared the much-desired goal, Inoya felt his heart grow more and more heavy; and, to tell the truth, the landscape before them was not very cheering in its aspect. What a difference there was between this dreary plain and the verdant region where his father lived, and where the mountains presented such an imposing panorama! What a difference, indeed, between this and the romantic scenery about Nikko! Here, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a gray, monotonous plain, with swampy places here and there, covered with a black slime. The entire plain of Tokio is nothing more nor less than one immense rice-field, subject to constant irrigation, so the men and women one sees at work there are generally standing knee-deep in mud.

A well-built road traverses this swamp, whose monotony is broken here and there by an island-village, which forms a sort of oasis in the marshy expanse. Sometimes a field a little higher than the land around it is sown with peas, beans, onions, millet or golden wheat, while low places, where the water forms pools and ponds, are thickly covered with superb lotus-blossoms.

Inoya had never seen so many in all his life before. In

fact, the plain around Tokio is noted for the luxuriance with which this regal flower flourishes.

“Oh, if Marusaki could only see these lotus-blossoms, how delighted she would be! She loves them so much!” he exclaimed.

“Do you know why the plant is cultivated here in such profusion?” inquired Miva.

“To decorate the temples and houses, I suppose.”

“Not at all. It is cultivated chiefly as an article of food. The wealthy people of Tokio consider the root, stewed in sugar, quite a delicacy.”

“Eat the lotus!” repeated Inoya, indignantly. The idea of regarding this queenly flower as an article of food—this sacred flower of Egypt and India,—Marusaki’s favourite flower—seemed to him nothing less than sacrilege, and he began to entertain a very poor opinion of the people of Tokio.

As he passed the edge of a pond, he bent down and culled a half-opened blossom. Several drops of water glittered like so many diamonds in the depths of the chalice, and the flower itself, surrounded by its large, dark, classically-formed leaves, really seemed to have something mystical and sacred about it. Inoya carried the lovely blossom tenderly, even reverently; it seemed to him a souvenir of home. Did not Marusaki love the lotus more than anything in the world except her father and brother?

The heat was becoming intense, and Miva, seeing that Inoya found it difficult to walk in his *getas*,—the soles being much the worse for wear,—made him seat himself astride the cow. Accustomed to enact the *rôle* of saddle-horse, the good-natured animal did not seem at all surprised at this addition to her load. Kiko, having made

the entire trip in one of the panniers, was in the best of spirits, and responded to Inoya's caresses very cordially.

The journey was nearly over, however.

"At last!" cried Miva. "Look, Inoya! there is the capital! there is Tokio!"

"My dear Miva, won't you explain why you sometimes call the capital Yeddo and sometimes Tokio? My father never calls it anything but Yeddo."

"Probably that is because your father favours the ancient order of things," was the reply, for Inoya's remark sufficed to show to what political party his father belonged. "The name Tokio is purely a modern invention. You know that after the Revolution of 1868, which resulted in the abolition of the Shogunate and the restoration of the Mikado's full powers, the Court was removed from Kioto, which had received the name Saikio, — *Western Capital*; and the Mikado, having come to establish himself here, in the former stronghold of the Shoguns and Daimios, changed the name of Yeddo to Tokio, — that is to say, *Eastern Capital*. Yeddo belongs to the old order of things, Tokio to the new; but they are really one and the same."

As Miva ceased speaking, the mist, which had up to that time concealed the city from view, lifted, and Inoya could distinctly see the town standing in the middle of the gigantic plain. To the west, as well as to the south of it, one could dimly discern lofty mountains, which in the distance assumed a bluish-gray tint, very pleasing to the eye. On the east sparkled the glittering waves of the Gulf of Yeddo, breaking upon the sands of a gently-shelving beach.

Inoya uttered a cry of admiration. He had never seen the ocean before, and the blue expanse, dotted with the



snowy sails of vessels of every sort and kind, from a fishing-junk to the steamers that ran between Yokohama and Tokio, and to the war-frigates belonging to the Japanese Navy,—all combined to form a picture well calculated to excite the beholder's admiration.

Miva aroused him from his enraptured contemplation of the novel scene, and hurried him on toward the capital. In traversing the streets of the city, however, Inoya experienced a feeling of profound disappointment. Gerard, during his stay with Daili-Richita, had often described Paris and its wonders. He had told him, too, that Paris did not cover nearly so large an area as Tokio: consequently Inoya had constructed an imaginary Tokio with palaces of richly-carved marble and stone, and beautiful streets and parks, like those of which his friend had spoken. And now he found himself amid surroundings that could certainly lay no claim to either grandeur or elegance.

He saw a few dwellings of the ugliest European type, smeared over with plaster or painted a dingy gray; narrow and irregularly-laid-out streets, and clumps of trees alternating with groups of unpretending Japanese dwellings, or houses of a mongrel style of architecture,—Japanese as regards height of building as well as preponderance of roof; European as regards the large number of windows and great quantity of glass employed in their construction.

“Well, Inoya, you don't say anything. One would suppose that you were not pleased.”

And the good man smiled mischievously.

“And this is Tokio?” said Inoya, like one waking from a dream.

“Certainly, all this around you is Tokio, as well as

those houses over yonder, and those you can hardly distinguish in the distance."

"If you had not told me, I should have supposed they were all separate villages. This does not correspond at all with the idea I had formed of the place. I thought that in a city all the streets—"

"You are quite right, my boy. Tokio is not a city like Nikko, for example; the capital is not half so beautiful. Besides, it is made up of about one hundred and twenty-five villages, all grouped around the citadel. At the same time, it contains an immense number of gardens, parks, lakes, fields, country-houses and streams. That is the reason the city looks so much like a number of detached villages. When you learn to know Tokio better, you will love it as much as I do. You may rest assured of that."

"I do not doubt it, my good Miva," replied Inoya; "but—"

A fine rain had been falling for some time, a circumstance not calculated to improve the appearance of things.

Inoya and his companion had been walking through the streets of Tokio about half an hour when, the rain having ceased, Miva suddenly exclaimed,—

"Open your eyes, Inoya! There is Fuji!"

The lad gazed in the direction indicated by his guide, and beheld a sight more grand and impressive than his boyish imagination had ever conceived.

The clouds had slowly drifted away, and now formed two dense masses in the horizon.

Between these heavy portals of cloud towered the majestic form of Fuji, in all its overwhelming magnificence. The snow-clad summit was dyed a rich purple by the setting sun, and as the base rested upon a



“AND THAT IS FUJI,—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN!”



pedestal of blue mist, one might almost have supposed the mountain suspended in mid-air. On the plain, some distance from the foot of the mountain, stood the citadel, embowered in verdure, and bathed in a rich golden light, while the water that filled the broad moats which surrounded it sparkled like a superb necklace of diamonds.

Inoya stood motionless, his eyes big with wonder.

"And that is Fuji,—the sacred mountain!" he murmured, softly.

And certainly if anything in the realms of Nature can with propriety be called divine, it is Fuji. It has an elevation of twelve thousand feet, but, as it stands alone, it looks much higher than Mont Blanc, or any peak of equal height, which is surrounded by other mountains.

Twilight came, and Fuji, suffused with crimson now, as if bathed in fire, still stood out plainly against the gloomy sky; then the mist below crept higher and higher, until only the dim outlines of the sacred mountain remained visible; but even then its form and proportions were endowed with wonderful grandeur and sublimity.

The sight of Fuji had thrown Inoya into a sort of trance, and he was so deeply engrossed in his meditations that he started violently when Miva gayly exclaimed,—

"We have reached home at last, Inoya! This is my house."

He had paused in front of a shabby dwelling in one of the most thickly-populated streets of Tokio.

"May our gods bless your entrance into this abode, my dear child," he said, patting the little shorn head in a friendly fashion, as Inoya crossed the threshold of the house which was henceforth to be his home.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY.

MIVA'S humble dwelling opened directly upon the street, the front room serving both as his workshop and salesroom, and the very next day after his arrival Inoya might have been seen squatting on a mat there, deeply engaged in writing. Miva had loaned him his best brush and his best ink, and with his paper resting on his knees, the lad was dexterously painting in delicate characters the letter intended for his father. Inoya had studied faithfully for a long time the rules that govern the epistolary correspondence of his nation, and knew that the more high-flown and poetical his phrases were, the more expressive of respect and affection they would be considered. He had also learned that every well-composed letter should begin with an allusion to the weather, accompanied with some well-turned compliment. He knew, too, that an elaborate and flowery style is considered of paramount importance in Japan, and ornaments of diction that would sound ridiculous in a French letter are regarded as indicative of a superior education in the Orient, so the beginning of Inoya's missive cost him much thought and mental perturbation. It read as follows:—

“The intolerable heat of early summer has been mitigated by the beneficent influence of a gentle rain. The lotus is now

in the full perfection of the pure and regal beauty with which the gods have seen fit to endow it. Its majestic leaves rear themselves protectingly about its delicate corolla, whose petals are beginning to close for the night, and the gray shadows of twilight are settling down over the landscape. The evening is calm, but my heart is agitated as I write to you, O Daïli-Richita! the best, noblest and most beloved of men,—venerable father of a most unworthy son! With forehead bowed in the dust, I tremblingly implore the gods to grant you an abundance of earthly and heavenly blessings, and to look down with favour upon you and your children, even unto the tenth generation. O father! excellent above all other fathers,—heart nobler than the chrysanthemum-flower, soul purer than the crystal waters of the lake,—you have before you the most unworthy, but also the most humble, repentant and loving of sons!”

As Inoya continued in this strain, the reader can easily imagine how long it must have taken the lad to describe his flight, his adventures, his meeting with Miva, and his subsequent arrival in Tokio. The entire afternoon was devoted to the task without completing it, so the following morning, before Miva was awake, Inoya was up, concluding his epistle with the thousand-times-repeated protestations of profound respect considered necessary in such cases.

“How are you going to make sure that your letter reaches its destination?” asked Miva. “It seems to me that will be a difficult matter, as you say your father lives in a lonely part of the country, with little or no communication with the outside world.”

“I have thought of that difficulty,” replied Inoya, “and have decided to send the letter to my Uncle Arichito, with a request that he will forward it to my father by one

of his servants. There is a post-office at Sontag, and my uncle will certainly not refuse to do what I ask."

The letter completed, the lad helped Miva to stow away his supply of lacquer in the room back of the shop, after which Inoya asked the kind-hearted old man to read the important missive, and the latter having pronounced it satisfactory in every respect, told his *protégée* he was now ready to accompany him to school.

"It is to the Imperial University you want to go, I suppose," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, there is where I want to go; but will they receive me without any compensation?" responded the boy.

"We will see. I have a little money saved up, and if that will do for a beginning we can manage it, perhaps."

"O Miva! would you do that for me?" exclaimed Inoya, tears of gratitude mounting to his eyes.

"Yes, yes! why not? I, too, was anxious to learn when I was a child, and I should have been delighted if anyone had lent me a helping hand. Very fortunately, I have some acquaintance with M. Lagrénie, the superintendent of the University, who often purchases articles from me for his European friends; then, too, I once taught one of his best pupils, who is now studying in Paris at the expense of our Government. I hope, therefore, that the matter can be arranged without much difficulty."

Inoya pressed to his heart the old workman's yellow and wrinkled hand; but the affection that beamed in his eyes was sufficient proof of his profound gratitude.

The Imperial University was in the official part of the town, which, it is needless to say, differed greatly from the locality where Miva resided. It is there the palaces of the Daimios once stood, — spacious buildings now devoted to public uses, such as offices of the different Government



departments, ministerial residences, and barracks, in front of which Japanese soldiers in European uniforms are drilled every day by French officers, the Exposition Building and Government printing-office, as well as several educational institutions of different grades.

Inoya opened his eyes in wonder at the sight of these imposing edifices, over which the flag of the Empire floated proudly.

“This, my boy, is the *Chokoucha*,” said Miva.

Inoya paused, speechless with awe and emotion. It was the Shinto Temple, recently constructed as a memorial to the heroes who had fallen on the field of battle during the Civil War.

A little further on, they came to the palace destroyed by fire in 1873, but afterwards rebuilt, which now forms the centre of the official quarter. This edifice is in no way remarkable, and, in fact, is almost concealed from sight by the entrenchments that surround it; but the citadel stands where it did three hundred years ago, when Iemitsu erected it.

The Imperial University stands near one of the broad moats that surround the citadel and constitute its principal means of defence.

These moats, which are always kept filled with water, and which are covered with a luxuriant growth of lotus, are very imposing, not only on account of their great depth and breadth, but by reason of the superb ramparts that enclose them,—high ramparts covered with beautiful greensward, and surmounted by lofty trees.

Upon a green hillock just below the citadel stand the University buildings, which, with their red brick walls, large windows, and imposing entrance, would not appear at all out-of-place in any European city.

This foreign-looking edifice seemed so grand and imposing to Inoya's inexperienced eyes that he paused a moment, overwhelmed by the thought of his audacity in even hoping to gain admission into such a palace, and it was with trembling limbs that he followed Miva up to the doorway, over which, in gilt letters, was the inscription :

“IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF MODERN JAPAN.”

Below, in brilliant colours, upon a lacquered slab, glowed the royal chrysanthemum, — the insignia of the Japanese sovereigns.

“Modern Japan?” Inoya said to himself. “Ah, Father! do I not commit yet another offence against you by asking the aid of these innovators,—these destroyers of the ancient institutions you revere so much!”

This feeling of remorse made the lad's heart even more heavy.

He followed Miva, however, who, by this time, had ascended the handsome steps and crossed the threshold, where they were met by an usher in European uniform, who conducted them to the president's private office.

It was a large room, in which glass windows and silken curtains took the place of the paper-covered screens to which Inoya had always been accustomed, so he gazed around him in astonishment. As for the arm-chairs, couches and desks that adorned the room, he had not the slightest conception of the use for which they were intended, so little did these articles of furniture accord with Japanese customs. But the mystery was solved, at least in part, when a gray-haired man, dressed in black, who reminded him very much of M. Duplay, entered the room and seated himself at one of the desks.

“He must be a Frenchman!” thought Inoya.

And he was right. M. Lagrénie, the president of the institution, was an eminent member of the University of France, a man worthy in every respect of the exalted powers with which the Japanese Government had invested him.

The countenance he turned upon the visitors indicated remarkable kindness of disposition, as well as great firmness and refinement; and he greeted Miva with such cordiality, it was easy to see that he held his visitor in high esteem.

“You have brought me a new pupil, I judge,” he remarked, affably.

And Miva, after a series of reverences so profound that his nose nearly touched the floor, made his business known.

He had come, as the illustrious master supposed, to solicit of His Excellency the favour of a place in the sunlight of his favour for this lad, who was not his son, it is true, but a youth in whom he took a deep interest.

“Do you understand French?” asked the president, turning to Inoya.

“Only a very little,” replied the boy, thankful, indeed, that he had learned a few words from M. Duplay and his son during their stay in his father’s house.

“Then you will have to make haste and learn the language,” said the president, who spoke Japanese very fluently himself. “All the pupils here understand both French and English,—at least, all the good pupils.”

Inoya eagerly promised to do his best to satisfy the professors in this respect, and M. Lagrénie proceeded to question him in Japanese about his former studies. The lad’s alert and intelligent mien, his sparkling eyes,

the sweetness of his voice, and the simple dignity of his manners, seemed to impress the president very favourably.

He questioned him, too, a little in regard to his parentage, and Miva, fearing he would not approve the boy's escapade, was rather inclined to conceal it; but Inoya, who had been taught by his father to be perfectly frank and honest in all things, told, with downcast eyes, how he had run away from home to attend school in Tokio.

On hearing this confession, M. Lagrénie's face clouded.

"This changes the aspect of the case very considerably," he said, thoughtfully, "and I hardly see how I can admit you as a pupil. Parental sanction is indispensable in every instance; there is no motive, however praiseworthy in itself, that excuses a son from obedience."

But the mobile face of the little Japanese boy expressed such bitter disappointment when he heard these words that the president's kind heart was touched.

"I cannot forget, however, that the confession of your wrong-doing came from you: a fact that enables me to forgive you, at least, conditionally, so far as I myself am concerned in the matter," he added, as if anxious to find an excuse for not being too severe on the lad.

"If the illustrious master will excuse the liberty I take in saying so," ventured Miva, "there is perhaps good reason for being a little less stringent about the rules in this lad's case than in many others. His father was one of the vanquished in the late Civil War, as nearly as I can understand, so perhaps it would be unpleasant, to say the least, for him to come to Tokio to solicit this favour for his son from his conquerors.

“And perhaps even dangerous,” added M. Lagrénie, thoughtfully. “Under these circumstances, it might be a sort of safeguard for him to have his son in the Imperial University. Yes, yes!”

Inoya listened to this low-toned dialogue without fully understanding it. He only knew that his fate was being decided, and his heart beat wildly, and there was a strange throbbing in his ears.

“Do you know, Inoya, that your case reminds me a little of the story of Amyot?” said M. Lagrénie, suddenly, with a faint smile. “Do you, too, hope to become a famous scholar?”

“I don’t know anything about him; I never even heard of him before,” replied Inoya, shyly.

“Jacques Amyot lived in France more than three hundred years ago. He, too, ran away from home, to come to the capital to study. He arrived there only after undergoing the greatest hardships, but his courage triumphed over all obstacles. He became a very learned man, and was made tutor to the king’s sons; but his successes did not cause him to forget his parents. He sent for them, and surrounded them with every luxury until the day of their death.”

“I, too, want to succeed, for the sake of my father,” cried Inoya, who had listened to the story of Amyot with eyes sparkling with interest. “I want to rebuild his ancestral home, which is now in ruins. I want to give him every comfort, and prove myself a good son.”

“You have n’t much money, I imagine,” remarked M. Lagrénie. “How do you expect to pay your tuition fee? Our treasurer is inexorable in his demands; I must warn you of that.”

“This kind friend will pay for me at first; but soon I hope to earn what is necessary myself.”

“And how, may I ask?”

“Oh, I can draw a little, and paint quite well on silk. I know something about gardening, too, and am a pretty good fisherman, so I don't despair of earning a little money in some way or other.”

“Very well, I see you have planned out your campaign,” answered M. Lagrénie, smiling. “But Miva had better keep his money, at least for the present. I'll pay your tuition for one quarter, and after that we will see —”

“Oh, sir!” exclaimed Inoya, seizing the good man's hand and pressing it to his heart; “is it possible that you will do this for me? It seems to me I am already partially forgiven for my fault!”

M. Lagrénie smiled at this token of his new *protégée's* lively gratitude.

“Yes, my little friend, I will,” he said, kindly, “but only upon one condition. You must obtain your father's consent —”

“I have written to him already,” replied Inoya; “but, alas! when will I receive an answer?”

“You have done all you can do for the present, if your letter has gone,” was the kind response.

The president then rang, and at his request a lad about fourteen years of age, clad in the Japanese costume of the middle classes, that is to say, a blue cotton *kimono*, was ushered into the room. This boy had such a frank, pleasant face that Inoya felt attracted to him at once.

“Toyo,” said the superintendent, “here is a new school-mate I wish to introduce to you. I ask, as a personal favour, that you will explain our regulations to him, and make him conversant with everything he ought to know.”

“I will do so with pleasure, sir,” replied Toyo; then,



"THESE STUDENTS WERE OF ALL AGES AND CONDITIONS  
IN LIFE."





turning to Inoya, he surveyed him earnestly a moment with gentle, dreamy eyes.

“Come,” he said to him in Japanese. “It will be no fault of mine if we are not the best of friends.”

Inoya took leave of Miva, and bowed almost to the floor before M. Lagrénie.

A few minutes afterward, he found himself, with Toyo, in a large shady campus, which extended along one side of the citadel moat, and in which three or four hundred youths were playing games or strolling about.

These students were of all ages and conditions in life. Some were dressed, like Toyo, in loose trousers and long *kimonos* of blue cotton stuff; others wore robes of costly silk, with broad sashes of gold and silver brocade, and not a few were in European costume.

They were all of much the same type, however, all — even the oldest — being small of stature, and all having the same round, shaven heads, where the barber had spared only a short fringe of black hair, or a tuft standing straight up on the top of the cranium. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves, though in a very quiet and peaceable way, youths eighteen and nineteen years of age not disdaining to take part in the sports of their youngest schoolmates.

The amusements of Japanese children are never boisterous. It is a very unusual thing to hear them utter loud cries or noisy exclamations.

So the campus of the Imperial University differed very much from the play-grounds of our schools and colleges, with their confusion and deafening uproar. The children of the Land of the Rising Sun do not run and leap. They know nothing about tennis or cricket, or any of those games that develop the muscles and impart strength and

vitality to the body, such as running, practice on the horizontal bar or trapeze, etc., etc.

M. Lagrénie was doing everything in his power to imbue his pupils with a fondness for such sports, however.

A fine gymnasium, to which every pupil had free access, had been erected at the farther end of the campus; but no one ever crossed the threshold, except to attend the lessons given twice a week by a French officer connected with the garrison. In vain M. Lagrénie gave his pupils permission to climb anything, even the trees! The birds could build their nests undisturbed; no little Japanese boy ever molested them; for he not only understood that birds enact a very useful *rôle* in Nature by destroying troublesome insects, but climbing trees was not at all to his taste.

All the president's efforts had failed to overcome that disinclination to physical exertion which seems to pervade all classes of people in Japan, except, perhaps, the *kouroumas*, or litter-bearers. They, it is true, are both strong and agile, as their arduous vocation demands; but their health soon becomes impaired, and in five or six years they generally succumb entirely.

Inoya had barely time to make the acquaintance of a few of his new comrades when a bell gave the signal for the lads to resume their studies, and five minutes afterwards Inoya was perched, for the first time in his life, on a seat in a school-room.

## CHAPTER XI.

### OBJECT-LESSONS.

ON their return to Tokio, Gerard and Alice had many wonderful things to relate to their mother. They never tired of describing the *chiro*, or castle, and its inmates,—the domestic life into which they had been so thoroughly initiated, and those old feudal customs which had undergone no change in Daïli-Richita's household. Alice retained a most tender recollection of the gentle Marusaki. Inoya, too, with his alert mind and intense thirst for knowledge, was a great favourite with them both; and as for Daïli-Richita, he possessed such a strong individuality, and was so deeply imbued with noble sentiments, that it was impossible not to admire and respect him, in spite of his cold and austere manner.

In short, their mountain excursion had furnished the children with the best of "object-lessons," as they say in our modern schools. This plunge of a week into real Japanese life had taught them more than a six-months' sojourn in Tokio would have done, for they understood now the why and wherefore of many national habits and customs, and had seen the genuine, native-born Japanese, devoid of any of the newly-acquired foreign veneering which was so almost universal for a time.

The Duplays had parted from the illustrious Shakespeare without the slightest regret,—this representative of

“New Japan” having become well-nigh intolerable to them by reason of his gullibility and ridiculous pretensions. He swallowed all the absurdities Omar never failed to tell him whenever M. Duplay’s back was turned, and subjected himself to positive torture in order that he might have the appearance, or rather the supposed appearance, of a European gentleman: a collar so absurdly high and stiff as to remind one of the instruments of torture in the Middle Ages, pointed shoes that cramped his broad feet terribly, trousers so tight that they pulled at every seam, and vests so small that the unfortunate wearer could hardly use his arms,—in short, there was no amount of physical suffering he would not endure in order to conform to his mentor’s instructions. At the table, he scarcely dared to eat at all, for fear of violating some of the sacred laws of etiquette, and seldom touched his knife and fork without casting an anxious glance at Omar, who was continually making signs of approval or disapproval at him from his place behind M. Duplay’s chair. The only time he made even a show of independence was while they were travelling; as Omar, restrained by his master’s presence, dared not indulge his mischievous propensities then.

Shakespeare, too, was continually sneering and laughing at the *chiro*, and its rubbishy old furniture, and the antiquated manners of its inmates. One listening to him, would have supposed that he had not been able to breathe in such a dismal hole, and that he had only just regained the power of inflating his powerful lungs.

The persistency with which he reverted to this subject attracted M. Duplay’s attention to a danger that might threaten their former host.

Daïli-Richita’s revelations had convinced the French-

man beyond a doubt that his entertainer was in a very dangerous position. He was a proscribed man, who had returned to his old home without the knowledge or consent of those in authority, and very possibly had lived on there undisturbed only because the fact of his return was not known. M. Duplay could not endure the thought that his accidental visit to the *chiro* might be the cause of bringing trouble upon the generous Daimio; so, before they reached Tokio, he resolved to make Shakespeare promise not to speak of this incident of their trip, and, above all, not to mention the name of their host.

He took occasion, therefore, to speak of the secluded existence Dañli-Richita led, of the misfortunes which had cast a gloom over his life, and of the respect these misfortunes should inspire.

"I myself intend to tell *no one* of our unexpected visit to Dañli-Richita," he remarked. "He is a man who lives in solitude because solitude suits his taste. He may have his prejudices and eccentricities, but it would be a poor return for his hospitality for us to disclose the secret of his retreat; and I am sure, Shakespeare, that you have too much tact, as well as too much kindness of heart, to be guilty of an indiscretion so unworthy of a gentleman."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Shakespeare, greatly flattered by this description of his character.

"I thought as much," replied M. Duplay. "Besides, what good would it do to call attention to a man whose existence was revealed to us only by the merest chance? Your compatriots' prejudices are at least worthy of respect. Let us, then, accord it to them, and leave him in the isolation he prefers. One of our proverbs declares that 'Speech is silver; silence is golden.' You, if I am not mistaken, have one which asserts that 'The mouth is

the gateway of misfortune.' Let us keep the wise maxims of both nations in mind. So far as I myself am concerned, I shall maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and shall request my children to do the same, *even with their mother.*"

M. Duplay's motive in saying this was to make Shakespeare understand that, as his father was a Government official, it was of the utmost importance that nothing should be said with reference to Darli-Richita before him, and almost any other person would have so understood the injunction; but something more powerful than a hint was needed to penetrate Shakespeare's thick brain, so he gave the required promise all the more readily from the fact that he did not fully understand what was desired of him, though he scarcely addressed twenty words to his father in the course of the year.

Unlike the majority of Japanese parents, the governor of Tokio kept his son at a distance, and treated him with a severity which was fully justified by the lad's idleness and numerous faults. So Shakespeare, who almost always had some misdemeanor upon his conscience, feared his father as he did the pestilence, and carefully avoided any possibility of finding himself alone with his irate sire.

On reaching Tokio, the party learned that the governor had just left on a trip to the interior, and that only Mme. Yaritomo was at home. M. Duplay was rejoiced to hear this, thinking that by the time of his return the governor would almost have forgotten about his son's excursion, so any fears he might still have felt in regard to the possible consequences of any indiscretion on Shakespeare's part soon died away.

On returning home, each member of the party resumed

his or her former habits. M. Duplay began to classify and analyze the numerous notes made during his exploring expedition. Shakespeare resumed his school duties, and Gerard his lessons with Kōbo-Daishi, a native professor, who was teaching him, with the language, all the secrets of the arts in which the Japanese excel.

Kōbo-Daishi, whose education had been completed in Paris at the expense of the Japanese Government, had appropriated the best features of foreign methods of instruction, and combined them with the many excellent customs of the native masters. For example, he never failed, if it was a possible thing, to show his pupil the pieces of machinery or natural objects of which the lesson treated. If an artesian well was the topic under consideration, they went to see one;—an hydraulic press, they visited an establishment where one was used, and asked permission to examine it. Another day would be devoted to the study of a paper-mill, a silk factory, or a flour-mill, and the principles governing each were much more lastingly impressed upon the memory in this way than by any description.

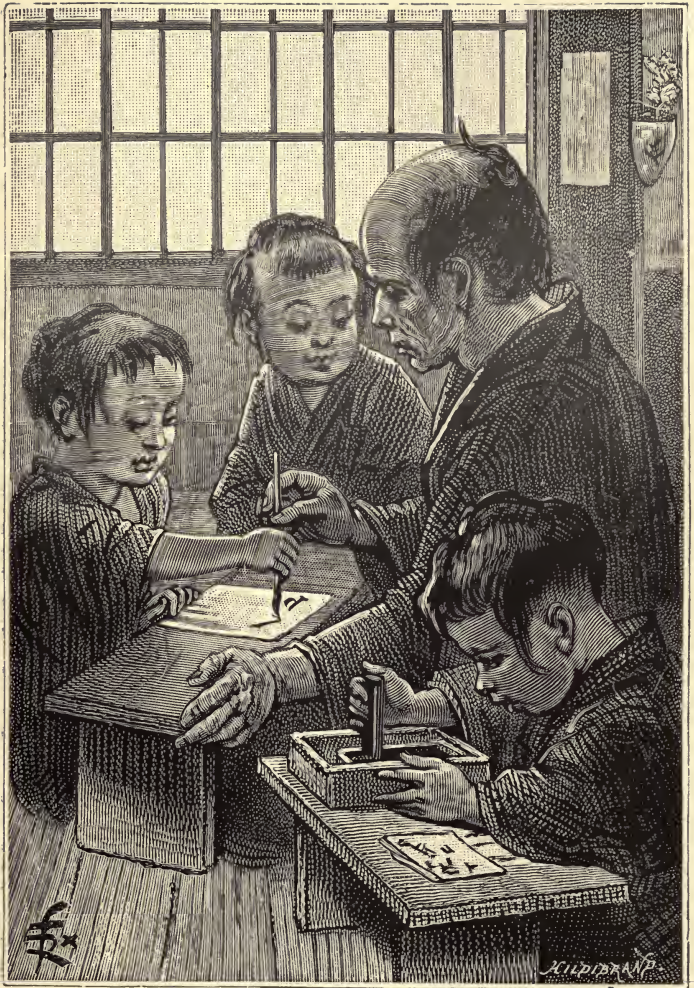
M. Duplay and his daughter often accompanied Gerard and his tutor, and this was notably the case when they visited the workshops of Satsuma, the famous manufacturer of bronzes, who has taken the name of the province where he was born.

“The great charm of Japanese decorative art, it seems to me,” M. Duplay remarked, as they walked along, “is its wonderful grace and freedom. Your drawing is faulty, but what a spontaneity, what an entire lack of affectation, you observe in it! Those charming sketches that meet your gaze everywhere—sketches so brilliant and yet so true to Nature in colouring—remind one of the signature

one appends — almost without glancing at it — to a letter. No one ever thinks of giving this or that particular form to a letter, or this little quirk or curl here or there; but is there anything that shows more individuality, or that it is more difficult to imitate? Well, the designs upon your porcelains, your lacquer-ware and your fans are equally characteristic, at least in my opinion."

"Your criticism is remarkably just, I think," replied Köbo-Daŕshi. "The necessity of forming the numerous and complicated letters of our alphabet is a veritable apprenticeship in drawing for the Japanese youth. Every day he must learn several new ones,—you know a highly-educated person must know at least eight thousand of them,—and I hardly need explain the effect of these finger gymnastics. Besides, the paper on which the pupil writes never rests upon a desk or table. He always holds it in his hand; so it is the entire arm that works, and not the hand alone. The movement comes at once from the shoulder, elbow and wrist. Another thing in the education of a Japanese child which is likely to exert an even greater influence over the nature of his work, in the event of his becoming an artist, is that he writes with a brush, and not with a pen or a pencil. The paper, too, that he uses is more or less spongy, so that the instant his brush touches the paper the ink is absorbed. This writing by means of a brush, together with the untrammelled action of the arm before referred to, imparts a freedom of touch one cannot secure with the use of a pencil; and, on the other hand, the absorbent power of the paper insures a precision of touch the European method cannot impart. This freedom, ease and precision, or, rather, accuracy, are thus acquired without the child even suspecting that he is learning the most valuable rudiments of a much higher art."





“THE MOVEMENT COMES SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM THE SHOULDER, ELBOW, AND WRIST.”



"Our method seems rather injudicious in comparison with yours," replied M. Duplay. "We begin by giving the pupil a pencil, and it is only when he has learned to handle that quite dexterously that we place in his hand a brush, which he, very naturally, uses exactly as he used the hard and unyielding pencil. It is most assuredly the brush he should learn to use first."

"That is exactly my opinion," answered Kōbo-Daishi. "Our preparatory method seems superior to yours, and yet what a wide difference there is between the highest achievements in Japanese art and the poorest specimens I have seen of yours!"

"It would not be just to depreciate your success in one branch merely because there are others in which you cannot claim to excel," replied M. Duplay, courteously. "It is unquestionably true that your *technique* is faulty, and that you have never produced or even attempted anything approaching the *chefs d'œuvre* of our great art-schools, but it would ill become us to deny you the palm in decorative art."

While thus engaged in pleasant and instructive converse, they reached their destination. The sculptor they were about to visit was an artist of wide renown, the same who sent to the French Exposition of 1878 a peacock that was greatly admired, and even as early as 1873 fine specimens of his handiwork were to be seen in Vienna.

After an interchange of the usual compliments, which are always very lengthy as well as ceremonious, Satsuma invited his guests into his studio, to inspect his works.

The eminently original character of the pieces exposed to view was apparent at a glance. To us, the thought of a casting brings with it the idea of an unlimited

reproduction of the article, especially if it be small in size, a fact which enables the producer to deliver it to the public at a very moderate price. In Japan, on the contrary, this art has retained all the characteristics essential to every production of a superior order,—that is to say, individuality and uniqueness. It is not for these merits alone that these bronzes deserve our admiration. Each and every detail gives convincing proof of marvellous skill and the most refined taste.

One bronze in particular excited universal admiration. It was an elaborate work, and one which had cost the artist much labour and infinite care and trouble. It was the flight of a flock of birds, no one of which appeared to touch another, though the whole formed a continuous piece of casting.

The visitors stood before it several minutes, speechless with admiration. But though Satsuma enjoyed their surprise and delight, like the true artist that he was, he took good care not to reveal any of the secrets of his craft, these still being, in Japan, the exclusive property of a few families. So, though the visit was productive of much artistic pleasure, no practical application was possible this time.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A BIT OF HISTORY.

MME. Duplay and Alice also neglected no opportunity to mingle with Japanese society and acquire a thorough knowledge of its customs. They soon discovered that it would be a great mistake to judge of this society by a few silly members of official circles. Among the ladies they met most frequently, and always with genuine pleasure, at the house of their friend, the charming Mme. Komati, was the wife of a rich china merchant named Nosoki, famed throughout Japan for his admiration of native art and his superb collection of bronzes and pictures.

Even in the days when Japanese productions were most despised in Tokio, and the craze for everything foreign was at its height, Nosoki had never allowed himself to be infected by the mania, and his house had been the asylum for many of the *chefs d'œuvre* with which Japan seemed so eager to part, and which can only be secured now at a great expense in European art centres.

Nosoki not only gave these national works of art the place of honour in his collection, but loved to call his guests' attention to their merits. He also insisted that his wife should preserve the time-honoured institution of Cha-no-yu, foolishly abandoned by the fashionable

world of Tokio for the so-called English five-o'clock teas. The Cha-no-yu is not an ordinary tea-drinking, but a formal afternoon reception, where tea is served, it is true, but where the time is devoted to examining and admiring the host's curios and works of art,—which are usually kept in lacquer-boxes or cases of embroidered silk,—instead of wasting it in idle gossip or in slandering one's neighbour.

Mme. Duplay noted with surprise that her new friend possessed the quiet ease of manner and the culture of a well-bred European, in addition to all the graces and accomplishments peculiar to a Japanese.

“How well you speak our language!” she could not refrain from saying to her one day. “You make me thoroughly ashamed of my very limited knowledge of Japanese.”

“Ah! but you know the very first language every foreigner learns is French, while there is only now and then a European who studies Japanese. I am perfectly well aware of this fact, nor do I wonder at it. You seem surprised, I perceive. People have told you that I am bitterly opposed to all innovations, or what is now called progress? You are obliged to admit it, I see; but is that any reason I should be considered incapable of doing a person justice?”

“I confess that you have been represented to me as an enemy of progress,” said Mme. Duplay, frankly. “I must admit, however, that I did not have a very clear idea of what that meant, and I am even more in doubt now.”

“It means that my husband and I are still attached to the habits, customs, manners and costumes of our native land,” replied Mme. Nosoki, almost sadly; “that

we regret the changes which have deprived Japan of some of her truest patriots, demolished institutions well-suited to our needs and temperaments, and created a servile spirit of imitation which must eventually result in the ruin of all national originality. Do you consider this such a very heinous crime on our part?"

"No, most assuredly not," responded Mme. Duplay, quickly. "Nothing could be more natural, at least in my opinion, and such sentiments have my warmest sympathy. I know very little about the changes to which you refer; and if I did not fear the subject would be too harrowing to your feelings, I should like to ask—"

"It will always afford me great pleasure to give you any information in my power, as a slight return for your own exceeding kindness in this respect. You are doubtless aware that from the early part of the seventeenth century the temporal power of the Mikado gradually decreased, until his office became purely honorary. For many years the people had been accustomed to see the Mikado shut up in his palace, like a veritable idol, sedulously concealing himself from profane eyes, and even refusing to set foot on the ground, as if he deemed it unworthy to sustain such an august personage.

"All matters pertaining to the Government being neglected, or even entirely ignored, by the Mikado, the executive power became vested in the Shoguns, or Tycoons, as you call them, high officials of the palace, who for a long time governed in their master's name, and who for the most part proved themselves both capable and energetic in the management of their country's interests. The valuable service which they rendered, and the almost

unlimited powers they exercised,—and, doubtless, their ambition as well,—eventually brought about a radical change in the situation, and the Shogun finally cast aside even the semblance of inferiority. The Tycoon, like the Emperor, had his Court and capital,—this very city, then known as Yeddo, his stronghold, where the greatest of his vassals came once a year to pay him homage, as they went to Kioto to pay homage to the Mikado, and as the samurai, or members of the second order of nobility, came to pay homage to them in turn. Many persons have styled the Shoguns usurpers, and have abused them bitterly for the power they arrogated, the honours they demanded, and the insignificant *rôle* to which they reduced the Mikado. I am too ignorant in regard to such matters to judge. But where does usurpation begin, and where does it end? Can a person be accused of usurpation when he exercises powers which his predecessors in office have wielded for three centuries with the full consent of the nation? Besides, tell me how many of the rulers of the world have attained to power without resorting to violence? Whatever the answers to these questions may be, I will merely say that my father, General Koro, was a warm champion of the Shogunate, and the intimate friend of the last Tycoon; that he fought for him till death, like the brave man that he was, and that I, his pupil and daughter, think exactly as he did.”

“How could one expect otherwise!” exclaimed Mme. Duplay.

“You can scarcely realize how furiously partisan warfare rages in this country, and to what despicable measures a political foe will stoop!” said Mme. Nosoki. “My attachment to the ancient customs of my country gives offence, so I am grossly maligned, and each and every detail of my





"A TERRIBLE CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT."



private life is severely criticised or wholly misrepresented. It is not alone the mourning I wear for my father that offends, but I have also been notified by those high in authority that it would be a satisfaction to see me abandon a mode of dress which is regarded as a sort of protest against the new *régime*."

"That is a thing I utterly fail to understand," responded Mme. Duplay. "What possible connection can there be between the present fashions — which, between you and me, I must admit are simply hideous — and the overthrow of the Tycoons? And yet the Mikado is bent upon seeing you renounce a charming costume like this, you say? It seems very strange to me that such an exalted personage should display so much solicitude in regard to such trivial matters."

"The Mikado patronizes everything foreign, because it was the introduction of the foreign element which won him his victory. The Shogunate was, as I have told you, in the zenith of its power when the ports of Japan were forcibly opened.

"The Shogun had many enemies, chief and foremost the Mikado,— who could not forgive him his ascendancy,— then the most powerful among the Daimios, who rendered him homage sorely against their will, though too often, alas! they owed their wealth and power to the Shoguns themselves. But are not such instances of human ingratitude common everywhere?

"A fierce war broke out between the two parties. Immediately upon the arrival of the foreigner two rival factions were formed: the champions of so-called reform — those who wish to institute innovations at any cost — and the conservatives. The Mikado espoused the cause of the first-mentioned; the Tycoon, of the others. This Civil

War lasted ten years. It was in the battle of Fujima, near Tokio, that my father met his death. The battle lasted fully three days, and resulted in the triumph of the Mikado, after which the young Emperor transferred the capital from Kioto to Yeddo, the former residence of the Shoguns, changing the name to Tokio, which signifies 'Eastern Capital.'"

"I suppose from what you say that peace is entirely restored, and the vanquished have accepted the new order of things."

"As the Shogun accepted his defeat, what else could his most enthusiastic followers do? It would seem, however, that we are also expected to despise the institutions which were once the glory of our country, as well as all the traditions of the past and our heroes of years gone by. But all the vanquished are not so complaisant. Among the Daimios who fought for the Tycoon there are some few who have never accepted his defeat and its consequences, and who continue to protest, more or less vigorously, against the new order of things. On the other hand, among the conquerors, there is a singular affectation of liking nothing, and even tolerating nothing, that is not of foreign origin. Do you know Mme. Yaritomo?" added Mme. Nosoki, as if by a natural connection of ideas.

"Yes," replied Mme. Duplay, in a tone which, unconsciously to herself, indicated very little enthusiasm.

Then, seized with remorse, she added: "But I must not fail to express my obligations to her for her exceedingly kind treatment of me. She has always been extremely courteous. One should feel flattered, perhaps, to see one's self approved and copied by a comparative stranger!" Mme. Duplay continued, thoughtfully. "It is an old saying that imitation is the sincerest flattery. Still, though

I cannot explain exactly why it is, I like the Japanese who are real Japanese best."

"Perhaps poor imitators make us see ourselves in caricature, which is never very pleasant," replied Mme. Nosoki, smiling a little mischievously.

"Perhaps so; but I am lingering here most inexcusably. I must go, much as I regret the necessity."

"Won't you walk through the garden first?" suggested Mme. Nosoki.

"With pleasure! I have been longing to ask permission, but dared not. All your surroundings interest and charm me more than I can express."

"You must never fail to make your wishes known," answered the courteous hostess. "It will always give me pleasure to gratify such kindly curiosity."

At the other end of the tiny court-yard, paved with delicately-tinted tiles, was a clump of trees which gave one the impression of a dense forest, though the garden was of very limited extent. Directly in front of the trees was a tiny lake of limpid water, with a bottom of shining sand. This lake, which was full of brilliant goldfish, was fed by a little cascade that came dashing and foaming down over a pile of rocks.

"The *fête* of the plum-blossom is just ended," remarked Mme. Nosoki, "and that of the cherry-blossom has come, as you see."

The path down which the ladies were walking was bordered on either side by a row of dwarf cherry-trees in full bloom, which had covered the ground with their cream-white petals.

"So each flower has its *fête*? What a charming and poetical custom!" exclaimed Mme. Duplay.

"There are reformers who blush for the fact, however,

remarked Mme. Nosoki, breaking off a branch and presenting it to her visitor; "but, very fortunately, good sense and popular taste have proved too strong for them. Yes, we have a floral calendar, whose saints are ever at work. Each locality has its own peculiar flower and its annual exhibitions, to which young and old eagerly flock, to feast their eyes upon one of the most beautiful sights in Nature. The wistaria blooms in May and June, and people rush to a well-known lake, whose banks are covered with a luxuriant growth of this beautiful vine, which trails its long sprays of bloom on the surface of the water. Then comes the iris, which sometimes covers entire fields; then the lotus, and other flowers which it would take too much time to enumerate. But the national flower, *par excellence*, the chrysanthemum (*kiku*), which is so like the sun, and which figures in the country's coat-of-arms as well as upon the commonest articles, and which you see on all the lacquer-work and china, and even on cakes, — that is the prime favourite in our country, and we celebrate its *fête* during the last half of the month of October."

"I am delighted at the prospect of witnessing it," replied Mme. Duplay. "It seems to me, as I stand and talk with you under these flowering trees, that I am in fairy-land, and that you are its queen. I can scarcely tear myself away from this enchanted garden!"

"Then I shall hope for your speedy return to it," replied Mme. Nosoki, as she conducted her guest back to the house.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF INOYA'S SCHOLASTIC CAREER.

THE school-room which Inoya had just entered, in company with about thirty other lads, was a spacious apartment, lighted on two sides by large glass windows,—a luxury as yet unknown in most Japanese houses. Handsome varnished desks of hard-pine, made after the latest American model, with seats of the same wood, which could be raised or lowered to suit the height of the occupants, were ranged about the walls. In the centre stood the master's desk, and suspended on the walls were many fine maps, as well as valuable anatomical, physiological and botanical plates.

The frames of the pictures portraying the different trees and flowers were made from wood of the same family as the tree or flower represented, and attention being duly called to this fact, the children were thus taught to associate utility and its industrial functions with the natural appearance of the plant or tree.

Everything in the school-room was new and strange to Inoya, even the chair on which he was obliged to seat himself in the European fashion. He did not find this position nearly as comfortable as he had anticipated, however. In fact, ten minutes had not elapsed before he would have been glad to exchange it for that to which he was accustomed; but, alas! there were no mats on the

floor of the school-room occupied by the sixth, or preparatory, class, into which Inoya had just been admitted.

The professor, who entered simultaneously with the pupils, was a man about thirty years old, of medium stature and unmistakable Japanese origin, though he was dressed in the European style. He immediately picked up a piece of chalk, and, stepping to the big blackboard, gave a brief but clear synopsis of the grammar lesson for the day.

This was given in Chinese characters, with which all educated natives of Japan are supposed to be conversant. A reading-lesson, also in Chinese, followed. This was given in a shrill but monotonous tone, the sweetest-voiced among the lads straining their lungs to the uttermost to attain that deafening pitch which is considered the proper thing for reading aloud in Japan.

It must be admitted that a foreign instructor would have marvelled not a little at the irreproachable behaviour of these lads of twelve and thirteen years. Obedience is the fundamental principle of the entire social organization in Japan, and children from their cradles—or rather from their mother's backs—are accustomed to such perfect submission that the idea of moving about, or talking or playing in the classroom, does not even occur to them. The teacher's work is all the more easy in consequence, and he is able to secure a much greater amount of work with the same expenditure of time.

After the reading exercise was over, there came a lesson in national history; then the professor, closing the book, questioned the pupils upon what they had just



heard, and most of them were able to answer in a very satisfactory manner.

The lesson ended with a philosophical maxim incorporated in a verse of poetry, which the pupils repeated in concert in shrill, monotonous voices, until the teacher felt sure it was indelibly impressed upon their memories.

At the end of an hour, five minutes recess was given, to refresh these youthful minds for another lesson; but this recreation period was not devoted to noisy pastimes, but passed in the most quiet manner.

“Come here! I have something I want to show you,” Toyo remarked to his new friend.

The treasure Toyo kept concealed in one corner of his desk was a big yellow beetle, for which he had constructed a tiny cart, no larger than a thimble, supported on pasteboard wheels. The beetle was harnessed to the vehicle with silken threads, and dragged the tiny cart, loaded with two or three grains of rice, quite briskly along.

Inoya seemed so much pleased and amused that Toyo concluded to show him some of his other pets, in the shape of a number of yellow and black insects that were breakfasting upon some green leaves in another corner of the desk.

Inoya did not seem to share Toyo's enthusiasm in this instance, however; at least, not until after the latter had said to him,—

“Wait until you see them in the dark. Put your head inside the desk.”

Inoya obeyed, and perceived that the brilliant emerald-green light the insect emitted was sufficiently strong to illuminate the whole interior of the desk.

“How beautiful! Where did you find them?” cried Inoya.

“In the country, a long way from here. Would you like to have some?”

“Oh, yes! Can't you tell me where you got them?”

“That would be a difficult matter; but I'm going to give you half, as a token of friendship.”

So the generous Toyo, in a couple of seconds constructed a little paper box, in which he placed six of the finest glowworms, and which Inoya afterwards carried to his seat.

Nearly all the pupils kept similar menageries in their desks. Some had grasshoppers or locusts in bamboo cages, and the last-mentioned insects, being famed for their voracity, their owners found it no easy matter to keep them supplied with food. Other boys had frogs, or birds, or May bugs.

The recreation period was followed by a lesson in arithmetic, given by an aged Japanese, with a face like a shrivelled apple.

In Inoya's class a great deal of attention was paid to this branch of study, for which the Japanese usually evince very little aptitude, so a prominent place is very sensibly allotted to it in the regular course of study.

It is only a comparatively short time since the Japanese adopted Arabic figures and decimal numeration. In former years the Chinese system of notation was universally employed,—a system frightfully inconvenient to a European. The difficulties in calculations with this system are so great, indeed, that the most complicated problem, worked out with the aid of Roman numerals, seems simplicity itself in comparison.

Inoya had never seen the Arabic numerals before, so the lesson interested him very much. His clear, keen and logical mind took in the master's explanation with

ease, and the simplicity of the decimal system both surprised and delighted him.

The fact that the professor, M. Hasonkaï, was by no means proficient in mental arithmetic, did not escape his notice,—calculations of that kind being very troublesome to a Japanese of the old school, from the fact that he has not been accustomed to them from childhood.

A lesson in writing followed, which proved a triumph for Inoya, whose firm, clear, gracefully-formed letters had always excited the warm admiration of his correspondents.

The Japanese read and write not from left to right, as we do, but in lines running from the top to the bottom of the page,—the lines being vertical instead of horizontal.

Upon each desk stood writing-materials in the shape of a small bottle of water and a lacquer inkstand. Each pupil drew from his capacious sleeve a stick of India-ink and a small brush made of hog bristles, and after dissolving a little ink in the bottom of the inkstand, began to write, or rather to paint, the strangely-intricate characters at the master's dictation.

This dictation had the threefold advantage of teaching students to use the Chinese alphabet, to spell correctly, and to improve their handwriting, to say nothing of the information to be gained concerning the subject under consideration.

At the end of half an hour the teacher, after requesting them to lay aside their writing materials, proceeded to question them.

“How many alphabets have we, and in what respect do they differ from each other?” was the first interrogation.

A tall youth of eighteen rose before Inoya had time to think of the answer which he himself would have been glad to make. He was taller than his companions,

remarkably tall, in fact, for a Japanese, for he would have been considered of medium height in Europe, and his face betokened both energy and determination, though it was also characterized by an expression of profound melancholy.

“Ready with your answer, as usual, Tankar,” remarked the teacher, smiling. “That is well! Now let us hear what you have to say on the subject.”

“Our written language is composed of two alphabets, or rather two syllabic forms of writing,” replied Tankar. “The simplest is the Katagana, which is reserved for the use of women, but with which all educated persons must necessarily be conversant. This consists of forty-seven syllables, each represented by a single character, and a few mono-syllabic sounds. The other, used by men, and called the Kirakama, is much more complicated and complete. This is an abbreviated form of the ideographic system of Chinese hieroglyphic symbols,—which does not prevent it from boasting of several thousand such symbols, however.”

“Very good,” said the master. “Barberousse Kitsi, you look as if you were nearly asleep. Suppose you tell us how a sketch or letter should be signed.”

Barberousse yawned, and stretched himself with a nonchalant air. He was one of the greatest dudes in school,—always dressed in the European fashion, and assumed the airs of a grown man, though only fifteen. His costume at that moment consisted of a red flannel shirt, to which he had affixed a paper collar, a low silk vest, evidently originally intended for evening wear, and a short black alpaca coat. Barberousse, as proud of this motley garb as of the high-sounding name his parents had bestowed upon him at his birth, dangled the single

eye-glass suspended around his neck idly to-and-fro, without seeming to pay the slightest attention to what was going on around him.

The professor repeated his question, but Barberousse remained silent.

"The next!" said the master.

Inoya rose timidly, the teacher encouraging him with a smile.

"The only valid signature," replied Inoya, "is that made with a seal of cinnabar colour. This seal must have the name of the person engraved upon it in Chinese characters, and even children should have one, if they wish to affix their names to their exercises and drawings. In business, a receipt that does not bear this seal has no value whatever. A drawing should have the artist's name on the back, as well as on the right side of it."

"That is well answered, my boy," said the master. "What is your name?"

"Inoya, son of Darli-Richita," replied the lad, frightened to see so many curious eyes fixed upon him.

"Show me your dictation. Ah! this is excellent! The writing is firm, and the characters admirably formed. I see you know how to handle the brush. I cannot say as much for yours, Napoleon Kouroukava. Yours would disgrace a child of five years."

The pupil thus addressed, a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age, shrugged his shoulders angrily, as the professor examined his roll of paper with a most dissatisfied air.

"You must try to improve," the professor remarked, as he returned the dictation.

"What is the use?" muttered Napoleon Kouroukava. "Nobody cares anything about these barbarous characters in this enlightened age."

“Kouroukava, is it thus you speak of the written language of your forefathers?” exclaimed Tankaï, fiercely, though in a low tone.

“Yes, most assuredly. Our forefathers were savages and barbarians; and the Japanese of the old school are not much better,” retorted his schoolmate, in the same subdued tone.

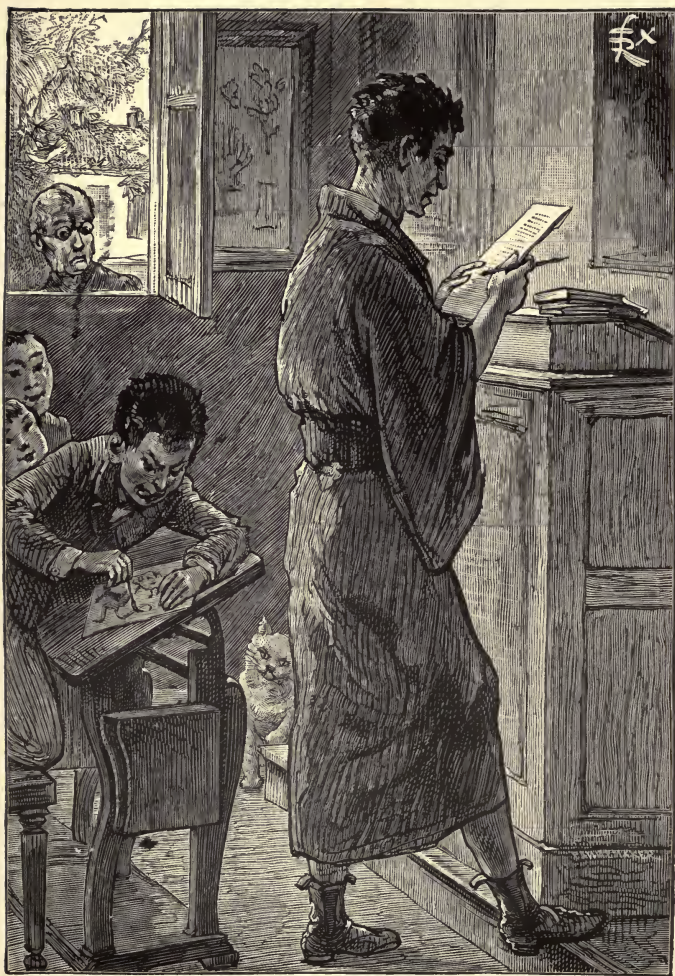
“Kouroukava,” said Tankaï, making an evident effort to restrain himself, “how can you sneer at our most precious and sacred possession,—our nationality?”

“Pooh!” retorted Kouroukava, “your uncle was not of that opinion when he accepted an office under the new Government. You had better hold your tongue, and not prate so much of your devotion to ancient customs.”

Tankaï had become livid. With teeth set and fists clenched, he seemed about to spring at his adversary’s throat; then, as if conquered by the thought that Kouroukava was weaker than himself, his arms dropped, and he remained thoughtful and gloomy until the close of the lesson. The master, engaged in examining other exercises, had not noticed this little scene, and the dictation was soon resumed.

Kouroukava, in spite of his self-complacency, had really been greatly incensed by his teacher’s reproof; and instead of going on with the dictation, began to draw a big demon, colouring the eyes, mouth and claws in a startling manner.

Taking advantage of the first favourable opportunity, he adroitly fastened his *chef d’œuvre* on the master’s back, thus eliciting a general laugh from the younger pupils, while even the older ones had great difficulty in maintaining their gravity.



"HE BEGAN TO DRAW A BIG DEMON."





Inoya had watched his neighbour's proceedings with wondering eyes, and was now gazing at him with mingled astonishment and indignation.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the professor, glancing around the room. "Silence!"

But fresh bursts of laughter, partially smothered behind fans, or in kimono sleeves, followed this order.

The professor, pretending not to notice this insubordination, again resumed the dictation, striding up and down the room the while; but, as he passed a window, he saw his image in the glass, and also the picture of the Evil One fastened to the back of his kimono. Instantly detaching it, he scrutinized the faces of the pupils in the front row, as it must necessarily have been one of them that committed the offence. Napoleon Kouroukava was apparently convulsed with laughter, but there was no smile upon Inoya's lips. On the contrary, he trembled in every limb, as he awaited in terror the probable consequences of the audacious act.

"Was it you who dared to perpetrate this most unseemly joke?" suddenly demanded the teacher, walking straight up to Inoya.

"I?" faltered Inoya, so surprised that he thought his ears must have deceived him.

"Yes! Come, confess! It will be much better than to aggravate your offence by a falsehood."

"But I did not do it, sir!" protested Inoya, the blood mounting to his forehead.

"In that case, name the culprit." But Inoya made no reply. He even lowered his eyes, fearing his indignant gaze would betray his neighbour if he directed it upon him.

Kouroukava, maintaining the most innocent expression

in the world, continued to smile behind the fan he was moving calmly to-and-fro.

"If it was not you, Inoya, name the culprit," repeated the master.

Inoya remained silent.

"Was it you, Napoleon Kouroukava?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, no! Indeed, sir, I would never be guilty of such a thing!" responded Kouroukava, with a great show of virtuous indignation.

"I thought not. You know the strictness of our discipline too well to so far forget the respect due your instructor. It is nevertheless certain that one of you two must be the culprit, as I stopped only in front of you; so I conclude that it must be Inoya, who, being a new pupil, and consequently ignorant of the rules of the school, has so grossly violated them. He will, therefore, be forgiven this time, if he will express regret for the misdemeanor he has committed."

"But it was not I who did it, I assure you, sir!"

"You persist in denying it?"

"By my love for my father, I protest that it was not I."

"This is becoming serious," remarked the professor. "Such obstinacy must be punished. At the close of the recitation you will go to the janitor's room, where you will receive ten strokes of the rod as a punishment for insolence, and your forefinger will be rubbed with the moxa\* plant, to make you bear in mind that a liar is always punished."

"Indeed, sir, I am neither an insolent boy nor a liar!" Inoya protested once again.

Almost at the same instant another voice was heard, the voice of Tankaï.

\* A sort of nettle.

"Is it generous to denounce an enemy, sir?" he asked.

"No, certainly not!" replied the master.

"Then I cannot do it, for I hate the person who is guilty of the act you are about to punish. I will not mention his name, but I give you my word that Inoya is innocent, and it would be unjust to inflict upon him a punishment that his generosity alone causes him to accept."

There was such conviction in Tankar's words, his gaze was so earnest, and his manner so perfectly frank and straightforward, that the professor hesitated.

"Very well," he said, at last, "but this matter must be settled here and now. I should be glad to believe Inoya innocent. Now let the real culprit instantly reveal himself, or be known as a coward by all."

Kouroukava did not move. He merely went on fanning himself, with an indifferent air, and his only reply to Inoya's indignant glance was an half-insolent half-triumphant smile.

"I ask you once more, and for the last time, Inoya, was it you?" demanded the master.

"No, sir!" the lad replied, firmly.

"Was it you, Kouroukava?"

"No, sir!" responded that youth, with unblushing effrontery.

But suddenly his bold eyes drooped, and the fan fell from his hands upon the desk.

In the open doorway stood M. Lagrénie, the superintendent, with an expression of unwonted severity on his face.

"Napoleon Kouroukava," he said, sternly, "go out into the hall, and there await the just penalty of your insolence, untruthfulness and cowardice. It is fortunate

that I chanced, in passing, to witness the scene that just occurred, and am thus able to save your excellent teacher from a deplorable mistake. Go! obey!"

Kouroukava, whose sallow face had turned positively green, rose and sneaked out, only too glad to escape the contemptuous glances directed upon him.

"As for you, Inoya," continued the president, kindly; "you have proved yourself a fine little fellow, quite incapable, I am sure, of conducting yourself in any such manner. Be as studious as you are honourable, and you will reflect credit on the name you bear."

He pressed Inoya's hand cordially, and the lad, in turn, bowed low before him, raising the superintendent's hand to his forehead, in token of his profound respect.

On leaving the school-room, and crossing the court-yard, at noon, Inoya ran after Tankai, to thank him for having undertaken his defence. He had conceived a strong liking and admiration for this tall, handsome youth, with his melodious voice and melancholy face, yet so frank and intelligent withal. Tankai, too, was strongly inclined to like this little new-comer, who, alone and friendless in the presence of thirty strangers, and accused before them all, had the courage and generosity to shield the real culprit.

The two lads parted at the gate with the profound bow customary between Japanese, even between those of the tenderest years, and each youth directed his steps homeward.

As he turned the corner of the street, Inoya saw M. Lagrénie approaching, and yielding to a sudden impulse, which he did not even think of repressing, as a foreign lad might have done, he rushed up to the president and bowed almost to the earth before him.

"Well, what is it, Inoya?" inquired M. Lagrénie, kindly.

"I would like to ask what you are going to do with Kouroukava, sir."

"Expel him."

"Oh! don't do that, sir. Forgive him, I beg of you!"

The president smiled, and laid his hand caressingly on Inoya's shorn head.

"We will see," he answered, kindly. "You have a good heart, Inoya. I shall not forget this. Try to remain just as you are, and you will be the joy of your father's declining years."

Inoya hastened off, with a light heart, to share with Miva the frugal meal of boiled rice and salt fish, which his good old friend had prepared for him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### VARIED AVOCATIONS.

MIVA'S house was a long distance from the University, so Inoya had a good opportunity to see something of the streets of Tokio. He did not reach his new home, however, without being compelled to ask his way more than once of the *kouroumas*, or 'ricksha men, or of the street-venders, as they sauntered along, crying their wares.

In fact, it is a very difficult matter for one who is not accustomed to the city to find his way through the labyrinth of streets, especially as so many of them bear the same name, and resemble one another so closely in appearance. For instance, there are at least twenty "Lumber Streets;" and many other names, especially those of the different crafts,—such as painter's, cooper's blacksmith's, cabinet-maker's, and lacquerer's streets, etc., etc.,—are frequently repeated. This peculiarity is explained by the fact that Tokio is composed of about one hundred and twenty-five villages, more or less distant from each other, and each of which had a separate existence originally.

Inoya amused himself by reading these names,—which are not inscribed on each street corner, as with us, but above the door of each house, together with its number, and the name, sex and number of its inmates.

Some of the streets are named for animals,—as Monkey Street, Pheasant Street, Pig Street, Fox Street, Turtle and Swan Streets; others for plants and flowers,—as Cedar, Crysanthemum, Rice-plant and Tea-plant Streets. There are also Salt, Millet, Leather, Feather, Horsehair, Charcoal and Silk Streets. There are some with more poetical appellations,—such as the Street of Perfect Happiness, of Faithful Affection, Filial Love, Peace and Devotion, etc., and of Pure Water, Balmy Air, and of Blooming Flowers, etc., etc.

These names are difficult to remember, on account of their rather vague and general character; and one can perhaps imagine how greatly Inoya's perplexity was increased by the discovery that each of the hundred and more wards of the city contained at least one Bamboo and Pine Street.

It was just inside the limits of the city proper that Miva lived,—a part of Tokio that is remarkably interesting because it is so thoroughly Japanese in character, and entirely devoid of those so-called European buildings, which, with their numerous windows and style of architecture so ill-adapted to an Oriental climate, loom up stiffly and rigidly among the light and airy dwellings in other parts of the town.

In this same quarter was the Nipon Bashi, or famous bridge, which is considered the centre of the Empire, and from which all estimates of distance are made. Its wide flooring projects in the most picturesque way over a half-dozen canals, literally covered with barges loaded with products of every sort and kind. Across this bridge runs the chief thoroughfare of Tokio,—the most busy and bustling street, perhaps, in the world. The principal streets of Paris, New York and London present no more animated

aspect. Everybody seems to be in a hurry. Here you see huge bales of rice being loaded upon light carts drawn by four men; there boxes of merchandise are being stowed away in big warehouses; while here, there and everywhere the *kouroumas*, or 'ricksha men, are rushing about, uttering their shrill cries of warning. This, with the clatter of wooden-soled shoes, and the heavy tread of the little native horses,—that run away and kick and bite on the slightest provocation,—creates a noise and commotion unknown in any European city.

To this deafening hubbub is added the shouts from the crowded canals, which are traversed by innumerable bridges, and kept clean and sweet by the tide, which transports the waters of the gulf into them every day. The majority of these bridges are built of wood; stone enters into the construction of very few of them. The Yaetai Bashi, one of the longest, is composed of no less than twenty-four arches, each about thirty-five feet in length.

All this bustle and confusion seemed so strange and overwhelming to Inoya, who had lived all his life in his father's lonely castle, that it almost gave him vertigo. He could scarcely retain his presence of mind sufficiently to keep out of the way of the numerous vehicles, for there are no sidewalks in Tokio, a fact that would make it very unsafe for pedestrians if vehicles were not drawn almost exclusively by men.

At last, after many *détours*, Inoya succeeded in finding Pine Street and Miva's dwelling. It was a cottage built on piles, a little above the ground, in order to avoid dampness. In the daytime the front walls, which consisted merely of paper-covered screens, were removed, and people in the street could see everything that





"THE NIPON BASHI, THE FAMOUS BRIDGE, WHICH IS CONSIDERED THE CENTRE OF THE EMPIRE."



was going on in the house. The Japanese live, literally, in public, and do not seem to mind it in the least. In fact, they allow all the passers-by to participate in their joys and sorrows, as well as in their daily avocations.

Inoya did ample justice to the repast Miva had prepared; then, as the University left him the free disposal of his afternoon, he asked his old friend to loan him a brush and his colour-box, and began to copy a beautiful yellow iris he had gathered on the edge of the citadel moat. The lad had always shown a marked talent for painting, and as he had striven diligently to perfect himself in writing for several years, he had acquired very considerable accuracy and precision of touch. In fact, it is no rare thing to see very young children paint very cleverly in Japan, and when little more than an infant, Inoya had endeavoured to copy with his brush anything that took his fancy; and, guided by his own refined taste, he had produced some very charming aquarelles of the Japanese school of art.

While Inoya was thus employed, Miva, too, was working away industriously on an elaborate tea-tray. The old man was an artist, in the true sense of the word. He did not regard his craft merely as a means of livelihood; on the contrary, he took a profound pride and pleasure in it, and thoroughly despised workmen who brought contumely upon industrial pursuits by manufacturing articles devoid alike of artistic value and beauty.

Miva's productions were not of the kind that can be purchased to-day at a low price in the first bazar one happens to enter, but were of truly artistic design and exquisite colouring,—of the kind, in short, that are found at the present day only among the choicest specimens in the cabinets of judicious collectors. In Japan, as in other

countries, the love of gain has now become paramount; people work with undue haste, in order to make more money, and the good old traditions are fast waning. In fact, many of the secrets of the craft which produced those *chefs d'œuvre* of patient toil and taste, for which the entire world is competing, are well-nigh forgotten.

Miva was still in possession of these magical secrets, however, and his productions were worthy to rank with the best specimens of this branch of art. The tea-tray on which he was working was truly admirable. The design was extremely simple,—a stork, standing on one leg, on the edge of a pool, in which several graceful clumps of bamboo were growing. A shower of gold, produced by a light powder scattered over the design by means of a blow-pipe, imparted a fantastic effect to the atmosphere of the composition. In one of the upper corners was Miva's name, traced in elaborately tangled letters. Just at that time the artist had reached the most critical stage of his work, for he was putting the fifth, or last, coat of varnish on the tray.

A piece of lacquer-work is really nothing but a bit of white-wood, upon which the decoration and also a ground-work of some delicate colour, or of gold and silver, is first painted, and then covered with successive coatings of varnish. The more numerous these coatings are, the more durable the lacquer, and, consequently, the greater its value.

All the best specimens of ware receive five successive coatings of varnish, and this renders the process of manufacture very tedious, as a fresh coat cannot be laid on until the preceding one is perfectly dry.

Inoya had been painting several hours when, glancing up, his eyes chanced to light upon Kiko, who was playing

in a corner with Yuki,\* Miva's white cat. The sight of the rabbit brought the events of the last few days vividly to mind. He thought of his flight, of Marusaki's grief, and his father's righteous anger; and feeling the tears rising to his eyes, he leaned one elbow on the table and shaded his face with his hand.

"What is the matter, Inoya?" inquired Miva. "You seem very down-hearted all at once."

"Yes, my kind friend, I am. Oh, how I wish I could hear from my father!"

"You can hardly expect an answer to your letter in less than a week or ten days; so you must have patience. I feel sure your father will forgive you. He will see that your intentions were good, after all. So don't worry any more, but show me your picture. Why, that's not bad! It's really very pretty. The drawing is free and bold, and the colouring admirable. You'll make your mark, sure, my boy, if you apply yourself. You can earn your living in this way, if in no other."

"Do you really think so, Miva?"

"I am positive of it! If the rich Nosoki, who goes wild over paintings of flowers, should see this iris, I'm sure he would buy it without a moment's hesitation."

"If I was sure that what you say is true, I should feel happy, indeed."

"Well, take it to him and see! He lives in the Street of the Flowering Peonies, and if he is at home I'm sure he will purchase your picture. One moment, though! Darken the shadow under that leaf a little, to bring it out better. Now make that petal a little brighter. The water could not be improved. Now put your name on it. It is admirable! There's no doubt about it! Now go, and tell

\* A Japanese word, signifying "Snow."

Nosoki it was I who sent you,— or, rather, wait a moment, and I'll give you a note to take to him."

And Miva hastily wrote a few lines, recommending his little *protégé*, and also expressing his regret at not being able to contemplate the sublime light of his generous patron's countenance, and "prostrating himself in the dust before him," by way of conclusion.

An hour later Inoya returned, highly elated, and laid two shining silver coins on Miva's work-bench, together with this brief note: "The lad certainly possesses unusual talent for one of his years, and I am glad to have an opportunity to encourage him."

Miva was almost as much pleased as Inoya. He made the boy tell him everything that Nosoki had said and done, and was even more delighted when he learned that the rich merchant had given Inoya an order for a screen, intended as a birthday present for his daughter, the price to be decided upon when the work was completed.

The transparent paper which he had given to Inoya for this purpose was of marvellous fineness of texture, and yet almost indestructible; while its ivory tint would prove a most effective background for the flowers with which it was to be adorned.

Miva insisted that his little friend should start out at once and purchase some new wooden sandals, with a pair of those queer linen slippers, in which the big toe is separated from the rest of the foot, and which are used for house wear by the Japanese.

Inoya's good fortune had restored his spirits entirely, and chancing to see a man selling live carp as he crossed the Nipon Bashi, he purchased one, and surprised Miva with it at supper.

A fish eaten alive is considered one of the greatest of

delicacies in Japan. It is served with salt only, upon a lacquer-dish, where the unfortunate victim writhes frantically about, until it disappears between the gourmand's jaws.

Inoya could not help thinking this mode of eating fish rather barbarous, and neither he nor Marusaki had ever been able to make up their minds to taste the live fish served at their father's table ; but this did not prevent him from feeling pleased at Miva's evident appreciation of the attention.

That good man did not forget to heave the satisfied sighs Japanese etiquette demands while devouring this delicacy. These sighs, which almost amount to sobs, on such occasions, have an entirely different signification in Japan from what they have with us. They are intended to express both pleasure and profound appreciation. It is almost as if one said, "What a delicious fish! How charming it was in you to think of bringing it to me!"

After supper Inoya set about preparing his lessons for the next day. Toyo had loaned him a French grammar, by the aid of which he hoped to soon overtake his classmates. Unfortunately, night comes on quickly, and without any very appreciable interval of twilight, in Japan, and Inoya soon found himself in darkness. Miva, who was in the habit of retiring early, had already rolled himself up in his down coverlet, and there was neither lamp nor lantern in the house.

Suddenly Inoya perceived a bright, phosphorescent light in one corner of the room. It proceeded from the glowworms Toyo had given him. These insects shine in Japan with incomparable brilliancy, emitting, in this instance, a light sufficient to read by if one was in close proximity to them, so the lad resumed his book and went

on studying by the light of this improvised lamp, so that an hour or two afterwards, when he fell asleep, he knew the French alphabet perfectly, with the pronunciation of each letter as given in Japanese. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he was suddenly awakened by the sound of an alarm bell.

"It's only a fire," muttered Miva, sleepily, rising slowly, and with evident reluctance.

A house near by was in flames, suffusing the heavens with a lurid glare; and the people of the neighbourhood were already congregated around it, all lending a helping hand with buckets filled from a neighbouring lake, and the devouring element was soon subjugated.

An hour had not elapsed after Miva and his *protégé* returned home, soaked to the skin, before the violent ringing of a distant bell announced another fire. Soon, yet another tocsin sounded, still further off, each alarm being accompanied by a shower of sparks and thick clouds of smoke.

"Are there fires everywhere?" asked Inoya, both surprised and frightened.

"Oh, we have plenty of fires in Tokio!" replied Miva. "There's never a night the alarm-bell does n't ring, so everybody gets used to it. As for me, I never light a lamp, and always put out the fire in the *hibachi* before I go to sleep. That's the only way to escape fire."

"At home, we have had only three fires since I was born," remarked Inoya.

"That is because there are but few houses there," replied Miva; "but in a big city like Tokio there is always a fire somewhere. It is not at all surprising, with all our wooden buildings, paper partitions and straw matting. Still, they don't do much damage. They say



that Tokio is entirely rebuilt every nine years, and perhaps that is one reason we escape the epidemics so common in Asiatic cities. Come! we had better go to sleep now; and let us hope we won't be awakened by a fire in our own house or next door. If that should happen, we will have to make the best of it, that's all!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### SHAKESPEARE REAPPEARS.

THE following morning, on repairing to the University, Inoya took his little white rabbit with him, snugly ensconced in the folds of his sash. After much deliberation, he had decided to present it to Toyo, in return for the kindness he had shown him the day before.

He had just entered the building, and was making his way to the main hall, where all the pupils were to assemble that morning, when he saw Shakespeare Yaritomo approaching, and, with his customary politeness, Inoya hastened forward to speak to him. It seemed to him that Shakespeare greeted him rather coldly and disdainfully; but an instant later, as Inoya drew his rabbit from its hiding-place to give it to Toyo, who was also approaching, Shakespeare's manner suddenly changed.

"What a pretty little thing!" he exclaimed. "Will you sell it to me, Inoya? Just set your own price on it, and I will ask my father for the money."

"Kiko is not for sale," replied Inoya. "I am going to make my friend Toyo a present of him, as a slight return for his kindness of yesterday."

"A present! You are going to give a valuable little animal like that away for nothing,—you, whose father lives upon nothing but rice all the year round?"

"Though my father may have nothing but rice to eat,

that does not prevent him from being courteous to such guests as chance sends to his door," retorted Inoya, his eyes sparkling mischievously.

Shakespeare felt this thrust too much to utter another word, but Inoya realized that he would henceforth have a bitter enemy. A bell giving just then the signal for the beginning of the recitation, prevented any further interchange of hostilities, however.

M. Lagrénie was a strong advocate of that method of instruction known as object-teaching,—a method practised by the Japanese from time immemorial. The subject of the lesson that morning was the manufacture of silk, and nothing was omitted that could possibly serve to give the pupils a thorough knowledge of this important industry.

More than two hundred students were assembled in the main hall, where these lectures were always given. On the platform stood the professor of Natural History, with an open box, containing some silk-worms, beside him. These were passed from hand to hand, so each pupil could examine them. Another box contained cocoons in different stages of formation,—chrysalides, moths and bombycids, with their eggs. Several sprays of mulberry leaves were also on the table.

While the students were examining the specimens, the professor, with the assistance of the blackboard and several large coloured plates, explained the operations of the silk-worm in such a manner as to also give his auditors a full understanding of its anatomy and of the nature of the food upon which it subsists.

This part of the lesson ended, the professor asked a few questions, and then went on to give a history of the silk industry, and to describe the different processes employed in the manufacture of the article.

“In some villages,” he went on to say, “the entire population was engaged in silk culture. You see the silk-worm everywhere. It takes possession of the entire house; the best rooms are set aside for its use. As the maintenance of the family depends upon silk, nothing else is talked of. The ground around the houses is literally covered with cocoons, spread out on straw mats in the sun. Some persons confine their attention to raising the eggs of the silk-worm. You are perhaps aware that Japan exports more than three million dollars’ worth of these eggs every year.

“The cocoons intended for the production of eggs are placed in trays in a somewhat darkened room. In a fortnight the cocoon opens, and the moth appears. It is an interesting peculiarity of these valuable insects that they evince none of the restlessness of disposition common to many other varieties, but remain contentedly wherever they are placed. A hundred of these moths are deposited on a sheet of cardboard, and in ten or twelve hours this is covered with eggs. These sheets of pasteboard are suspended by strings in a dry place until autumn, and are then packed in large cases, and shipped to foreign countries. The value of each of these sheets is about three yen.\*

“A large quantity are, of course, kept in Japan. The eggs hatch in April, and the worms are then fed on chopped mulberry leaves, from which the stems and veins have been carefully removed, and which are then mixed with a little bran and millet.

“Silk-worms require the closest attention and care. They must be fed eight times a day, but with great prudence, and the stems of the mulberry leaves must never be given to them until they have attained their

\* About \$2.75.



THE CARE BESTOWED UPON THE SILK-WORM.



full growth. It is also necessary to weigh the nourishment given them, as it is as bad for them to eat too much as not enough. Perfect neatness and an even temperature are also indispensable; in short, they must be watched night and day, as they are liable to various diseases, one of which, either caused by, or characterized by, the growth of a small fungus, is extremely fatal.

“After the silk-worm has attained its full growth, it gradually ceases to eat, and sets to work to spin its cocoon, which is completed generally in about three days.

“These cocoons are spread on mats, and exposed to the bright sunlight for three successive days, in order to destroy the chrysalis, otherwise the insect within would eat its way through, thereby perforating the cocoon. The next thing to be done is to divide, or, rather, reel the silk.”

In obedience to a signal from the professor, four women, dressed in blue cotton *kimonos*, reaching to their ankles,—the usual costume of the Japanese peasantry,—were ushered into the room.

They seated themselves on the floor, and a copper basin filled with clean hot water was placed between them. Rings of highly-polished metal were fastened on the edge of the basin.

The cocoons were thrown into the water to soften and dissolve the natural gum which coats the silk, and causes the coils to adhere together in the cocoon. The women stirred the cocoons about in the water with a small twig, then, seizing any loose threads they saw floating about, they passed from four to six, or from eight to twelve, of these threads through the ring, according as they desired the silk to be fine or coarse, and then twisted them together with two fingers of the left

hand, while they manipulated a small reel deftly with the right.

The silk thus reeled, which is known as raw silk, is tied in hanks, and the professor explained all about the different grades. That of a creamy whiteness is the most valuable, being used for *crêpes* and the richest fabrics. The waste silk is used in the manufacture of the silk-paper used for so many different purposes in Japan.

The professor's explanations, and the proceedings of the workwomen, were so interesting that Inoya felt very sorry when the lecture ended. This mode of study seemed more like play than work to him.

The French and English lessons proved much less attractive, particularly as he found his classmates much farther advanced than himself. M. Lagrénie had the boys study these two modern languages instead of Latin and Greek, which would naturally be of much less service and benefit to the Japanese than to us. A Latin class, however, was held every afternoon for such students as wished to attend it.

That day, during the half-hour recess in the middle of the session, Inoya and Toyo, who had become the best of friends, busied themselves in the construction of a tiny water-mill. It had rained all the morning, and there were plenty of little rivulets to furnish the motive power. The wheel, which Inoya constructed very cleverly out of a thick round piece of pasteboard, with bamboo spokes, excited the admiration of his schoolmates when it began to revolve, imparting a rotary motion to a grindstone of coarse gravel, held together with potter's clay. None of the other pupils would have been able to construct such a *chef d'œuvre* in so short



a time; so Inoya, who was really quite a mechanical genius, completed his conquest over the hearts of his fellow-students that day.

He concluded the exhibition by presenting the little mill to Toyo; and, while the latter was running about the playground, showing the dainty bit of machinery to his comrades, Inoya noticed that Tankar, who was leaning against a tree a short distance off, gloomy and silent as usual, had fixed his eyes upon him in a rather sad and discontented way.

"Would you like me to make you a little mill, too, Tankar?" he asked, naively.

"No, thank you, my little friend!"

"What is the matter, then? Tell me, Tankar! You look sad."

"I was thinking, as I watched you and Toyo, that I had never in my whole life enjoyed myself as much as you were enjoying yourselves just now, and,—I envied you."

He smiled sadly. Inoya had a kind heart. In fact, Japanese children, though much less lively and energetic than the children of other lands, are perhaps endowed with keener sensibilities and greater delicacy of feeling. At least they are more precocious. Inoya took Tankar's hand and raised it to his forehead, in token of friendship; then, without displaying any undue or impertinent curiosity, questioned the older lad as to the cause of his evident melancholy.

Tankar was very richly dressed. His *kimono* was of silk, and his sash was richly embroidered and edged with gold fringe. Upon his breast glittered the escutcheon of an ancient family; his portfolio and the satchel in which he carried his books were of the finest quality.

Hence, Inoya had rather foolishly concluded that Tankar must be one of the fortunate of the earth; but now he discovered that some secret sorrow was preying on his mind.

Yielding to the charm of Inoya's gentle voice and sympathizing manner, Tankar began to tell his new acquaintance something of his life. His father had fallen in the Civil War, and his mother dying shortly afterwards, he had been placed in charge of a relative, who manifested very little affection for him, and seemed to neglect no opportunity to thwart his wishes and tastes. A warm supporter of the new *régime* himself, this relative insisted that Tankar should prepare himself for a Government position, and enter the service of those who had been the cause of his father's death. He insisted, too, that he should adopt the European style of dress; and as Tankar would not consent to do this, there was continual warfare between them.

"The boys wonder at my liking college so much," added Tankar, "but how could it be otherwise? Study is my only means of diversion, and it is here alone that I meet congenial and sympathizing hearts like thine, my little Inoya. At home, I feel that I am being continually rebuffed and misunderstood. Everything foreign is extravagantly and unreservedly admired; our native land, her productions and traditions, are regarded with sovereign contempt. Barberousse Kitsi's father is my uncle's most intimate friend; it is he who is continually urging him to make me accept these new ideas; but I shall prove a match for both of them. Nothing will induce me to be unfaithful to my father's memory. So you will not be surprised after this if you often see me gloomy and out of temper, Inoya.

I feel that I am growing more and more bitter every day, and that I am really becoming thoroughly bad. My heart is so full of hatred that I scarcely know what affection is."

"But I like you very much, Tankař. If you would care to, suppose we take a long walk together out into the country. You can tell me all about your father, and I will tell you all about mine; and talking of the loved ones who are dead, you will forget the living who are so unkind to you."

And Inoya, to divert his companion's thoughts, began to tell him of the old *chiro*, where his childhood had passed so peacefully and happily; of Dařli-Richita, so noble in character, and really kind at heart, in spite of his apparent coldness and severity; and of the gentle and loving Marusaki.

"And you left all this for the sake of attending college!" exclaimed Tankař. "I can't understand it. I love study chiefly, I fear, because I hate those around me, and long to escape from their company."

Inoya made no reply. Every hour his remorse for having deserted his home increased, and Tankař's remark made him realize his wrong-doing still more keenly.

Dařli-Richita's name, uttered a few feet away from him in a contemptuous tone, made him spring to his feet. It came from the lips of Shakespeare Yaritomo, who was strolling along in company with Barberousse Kitsi and several other young fops, most of them sons of Government officials.

Inoya felt strongly tempted to ask Shakespeare what he was saying about his father, but reflecting that he was probably telling his companions of some episode connected with his accidental visit to the *chiro*, he

deemed it more prudent not to engage in the conversation. Besides, it was very evident that Shakespeare did not desire his company, and Inoya was not inclined to force it upon him.

His favourite among all his schoolmates was decidedly Toyo, whose gentle disposition and gayety made him a charming companion, while what he told Inoya about his life interested the latter greatly. His father was a *kourouma* or 'ricksha man,—the most laborious vocation a Japanese can follow; his mother worked in the rice-fields, and his two younger brothers were attending the primary school until they became old enough to learn a trade. Toyo had been fortunate enough to obtain a free scholarship at the University, and was consequently the hope of the family. But as often happens in such cases, he did not seem likely to fulfil these brilliant expectations, for he had a decided talent only for music. This was the only branch to which he really applied himself, so he had to submit to many reproaches from parents and instructors alike.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

THE wealthy merchant, Nosoki, had been delighted with the screen painted by Inoya. It was simply a bunch of azaleas, some full-blown and others in bud, painted with wonderful delicacy and accuracy. Acting upon Miva's advice, Inoya had laid on the carmine in the petals and the tender green of the leaves so lightly that the decoration was transparent, and the effect was exquisitely graceful and dainty.

Nosoki, after giving the astonished and delighted lad ten *yen* pieces, that is to say, about ten dollars, took him in and introduced him to his daughter, a pretty young girl about eleven years of age, who answered to the name of Hana; and she, charmed with her father's present, asked his permission to invite Inoya to one of the little parties she often gave, a request which was readily granted. Miva, as soon as he heard of it, insisted that Inoya should purchase a new *kimono* without delay, so he would be able to make a creditable appearance in such distinguished company as was sure to assemble at the Nosoki mansion. The following morning a little servant-girl brought Miss Hana's written invitation, which was subsequently to be taken to the homes of the other children invited to the *fête*. Japanese children are accustomed to behave exactly like grown-up children at a

very early age. It would be hard to find a child twelve years old among them who is not thoroughly versed in the laws of etiquette; and Inoya, carefully reared by Marusaki, whose manners were perfect, did not feel at all alarmed at the idea of coming in contact with the most elegant and refined children.

When the appointed afternoon came, Inoya smoothed the fringe of black hair that surrounded his shaven crown, donned his new *kimono*, knotted his sash with care, and then put on his new white *getas*, on which Miva had put such a fine coat of lacquer that they looked quite fit for the princess in a fairy-tale.

The Nosoki mansion, which was three stories high, stood in the centre of a large garden filled with peonies, roses and azaleas, and watered by a stream which formed a series of cascades, flowing around miniature islands connected by bridges at least two feet in length,—a charming garden by reason of the freshness and coolness that always reigned there, and in which everything was of the true Japanese type.

Inoya reached the house about three o'clock. Miss Hana was standing at the door awaiting her guests, whom she conducted, one by one, to her own little parlour, in which the screen painted by Inoya occupied a conspicuous place.

In accordance with the queer Japanese custom, Hana's lips were brilliantly coloured with carmine, and her face and neck painted white. Her jet-black hair was carefully drawn up to the top of her head, where it was tied with a broad bow of red *crêpe*, and then formed into several large puffs. Her brown silk *kimono*, dotted here and there with sprays of small purple flowers, was opened sufficiently at the throat to reveal a chemisette of scarlet *crêpe*. Her

broad sash, elaborately embroidered with silver, was tied in an immense bow behind. On her feet she wore white silk sandals, the great toe being separated from the others by the ribbon which held the white lacquered soles in place.

Inoya gazed at his elegant little hostess with profound admiration. The dress of children does not differ in any respect from that of grown people in Japan, except in colour. Only children and young girls are allowed to wear red; consequently, to lay off the red *kimono* means marriage to a girl.

Inoya gravely ascended the steps, and bowed low before Hana, who ushered him into the house as soon as he had removed his shoes. Several other children were already assembled there, among others Aoki, Hana's brother, a lad about ten, who saluted each guest with great dignity. Inoya had just stepped to one side, to make way for some children behind him, when his name, uttered in a loud voice and a tone of the greatest surprise, attracted his attention to the farther end of the room, and judge of his delight when he recognized, in the midst of a little group of young girls, Alice, M. Duplay's daughter and Gerard's sister.

Inoya hastened forward to pay his respects to her, and explain how he happened to be in Tokio, and when Alice reproached him for not having come to see them, he pleaded as an excuse his ignorance of their address, and Alice having given it, he promised to call the following day, without fail.

All the guests having arrived and seated themselves in the places assigned them, Hana's mother entered the room. She was very graceful and affable, and still quite pretty, in spite of her blackened teeth and shorn eyebrows,

it being the custom for all married women to disfigure themselves in this way in Japan.

She offered the children tea, cakes and other dainties, which Hana assisted her in passing to the guests, after which some games were started.

They began with the game of alphabetical cards, or *iroha*, of which Japanese children are passionately fond. A certain number of these cards bear a Japanese proverb, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. An equal number of other cards each bear a picture illustrating one of these proverbs. These cards are shuffled and divided among the party; then one of the children reads a proverb aloud, and the child who has the corresponding card must say so and lay it down. The child who gets rid of his or her cards first is the winner; the one who has the last card the loser.

Inoya enjoyed the game immensely. He had learned a number of proverbs from Miva already, and he was very prompt in replying to his companions with such proverbs as,—

*“It is impolite to be too polite.”*

*“A tongue three inches long may ruin a man six feet high.”*

*“Many words, little sense.”*

*“Never intrust your secrets to servants,”* etc.

This game ended, little Hana and her charming mother again regaled the guests with tea and bonbons, and then a simple play, of which Japanese children are extremely fond, was enacted. This consisted of a representation of some scene in every-day life,—a marriage, a burial, or some other little episode or ceremonial. The youthful actors played their several parts with much dignity and spirit, reproducing the most trivial details of the real scene with great accuracy.



Hana's mother noticed, with pleasure, that Inoya conducted himself admirably, displaying none of the open-mouthed wonder so common in children reared in the country; and when the party broke up, about sunset, she invited him to come and see her children as often as he pleased, so this hospitable house soon became one of Inoya's favourite resorts.

It is needless to say, too, that he gladly availed himself of Alice's urgent invitation to come and see her and her brother the next day.

He found the family delightfully located in a charming villa on the shores of the bay, and he was so cordially received that he felt perfectly at home at once, and made a most favourable impression upon everyone, even the critical Rosalie.

M. Duplay did not attempt to conceal the fact that he considered Inoya had been guilty of a grave fault in leaving his home without permission; but as he had already written to Nagaharon, there was nothing to be done now but await Darli-Richita's instructions, and there was good reason to fear that these instructions would in no way accord with poor Inoya's wishes.

They all urged him to come and make their house his home, but he felt that he could not desert good old Miva, who had been so kind and generous to him, and they were all obliged to approve this delicacy of feeling on Inoya's part.

Still, scarcely a day passed that he did not visit either the Duplays or the Nosokis. He often found Hana engaged in some kind of sewing. All Japanese girls learn to make their own clothing. The shape is of the simplest description, and almost all that is necessary is to sew the breadths together, and hem them at the top and

bottom. Hana's mother was almost always on household cares intent ; but sometimes she would join the children in the garden, and read them tales of the olden time, to which all three listened with eager interest. These were generally stories selected from standard works,—that is to say, from the Japanese classics, generally in the possession of each family. Among them are many moral and highly-instructive works, especially intended for women and young girls, such as “Good Housekeeping ;” “The Proper Care of Furniture and Clothing ;” “The Art of Entertaining Guests ;” “The Ladies' Complete Letter-Writer,” etc., etc.

Hana's favourite was a book entitled “Twenty-four Children,” containing the numerous adventures of twenty-four model children ; so her mother often read aloud to her from that.

One day, when he went to visit the Duplays, Gerard ran to meet him, exclaiming,—

“I've a piece of news for you ! Papa is going to take you and me to the theatre.”

“And not Alice ?” inquired Inoya, who was that young girl's devoted cavalier on all occasions.

“We can't take Alice,” replied Gerard, in a rather important tone. “Papa says it is all right for men to go to such places, but that ladies would be too much crowded and jostled.

“What a pity ! we should have so much better time if Alice went !”

“Good !” exclaimed Alice. “Would you believe it, Inoya ? Gerard pretends that men enjoy themselves much more by themselves ;—that the presence of ladies is always a restraint, as they are obliged to wait on them, and give them the best seats, and all that !”



THEATRE STREET.



“Gerard only says that to tease you. Don't you believe him, Alice! He would be dreadfully discontented if he did not have you to play with; and the only thing, I am sure, that consoles him for not having you go with him now is the thought of telling you all about what he has seen, after his return. We will bring you some sketches of the prettiest scenes.”

“Oh, that will be lovely! And I—well, I will bring you some choice flowers on my return from my outing, for mamma has promised to take me to pay some visits, as I cannot go with you.”

An hour afterwards, M. Duplay and the two boys,—equipped with huge umbrellas and the *getas* one always wears when starting out for a long walk in this uncertain climate,—set out on foot for the *Rue des Théâtres*,—literally the “Street of the Theatres,—in which the place of amusement they had selected was located.

They could distinguish it a long distance off by the immense sign-boards in front of it, and the large banners, with the name of the play inscribed upon them. There was a ticket-office near the door, as in our own theatres, and numerous attendants distributing playbills, etc.

After depositing their umbrellas and sandals at the door, they entered the hall, which consisted of a pit or *parquet*, and a double row of boxes. M. Duplay had secured one in the first row, which commanded an excellent view of the audience as well as of the stage.

The *parquet* differed greatly from those in our theatres, being divided off into squares, like a checker board, each subdivision seating about ten or a dozen persons. On the right and left sides of the hall are two broad aisles, which are on a level with the stage, and serve as a sort of annex to it, and upon which dances illustrative of certain

episodes in the play are often executed. It is also the only means the actors have of reaching the stage proper, their being no door in the rear.

The spectators, having no aisles or corridors where they can move about, are obliged to reach their seats by the narrow passage-way that separates the different compartments. The dividing railings, which, by the way, are about breast-high, imprison the spectator in a sort of cell, where he squats upon his heels during the entire performance,—which must be very fatiguing when it lasts all day or all night, as is frequently the case.

Here, entire families eagerly swarm for amusement,—father, mother, children, and even nursing infants, which no one even thinks of leaving at home on account of their tender age.

Venders of cakes and confectionery rush about with their merchandise between the acts. When the heat becomes stifling, which generally happens at a very early stage of the performance, each person divests himself of more or less of his apparel; at least this was the case a few years ago, but the new public ordinances have greatly modified this custom. The Japanese of the present day is no longer at liberty, like his ancestors, to adopt the costume of Father Adam when his comfort prompts him to do so. He is permitted now to remove only his *kimono* and *obi*; and though he may sit with the upper part of his body bare, his linen trousers must be retained. In all other respects the populace can amuse itself to its liking, and it does.

People talk and smoke, and laugh and eat, and suckle their children and punish them, too, if necessary. They interrupt the actor, and engage in an impromptu dialogue with him, oftentimes more amusing than that

prepared in advance for their edification at a great expense. A noted traveller has justly remarked that this gay and noisy assemblage must give one a very correct idea of an Athenian theatre in ancient times. Nor is the resemblance confined to the audience. Until a very recent date, the Japanese stage, like that of Sophocles and Euripides, tolerated only male actors, even for the representation of feminine rôles. But the most striking point of resemblance to the Greek theatre is a person who sits in one of the stage-boxes, and who from time to time addresses the audience in a drawling, singsong tone, accompanying himself the while with a monotonous strumming on a small stringed instrument he holds in his hand. It is supposed to be this person's business to keep the audience informed of the situation, and he not only analyzes the actor's emotions, but encourages, admonishes or guys him as the case may be. Does not this feature remind our readers of the chorus in ancient times, and give us reason to believe that relations, of which history is ignorant, may once have existed between the Grecians and Japanese?

The actor is supported and assisted throughout the entire performance by this singsong voice, which describes and comments upon his emotions; but this is not the only aid he receives. Besides this poetical interpreter, there are two acolytes, each armed with a candle, which they hold close to his face in all the important passages, so the play of feature may not be lost to the audience.

This precaution was intensely amusing to Gerard, who was deeply impressed by the peculiar features of this novel entertainment, and drew frequent comparisons between it and those of a similar kind which he had attended in Paris.

“Look at that man moving about the stage, fanning himself with such an affected air, without any person knowing who he is, where he came from, or where he is going! It is utterly absurd!” he exclaimed.

“Why do you say that?” asked Inoya, who, very naturally, did not like to hear the customs of his country sneered at.

“Because, as there is no reason whatever for his presence, it is a great mistake. Is it not, father?”

“Yes, according to our ideas,” replied M. Duplay; “but we must not forget that these matters are purely conventional everywhere,—that things never are depicted on the stage as they occur in real life, and, above all, that it is well to guard against pronouncing anything absurd too hastily, for fear of appearing uncivil or absurd one’s self. But let us give our attention to the performance.”

It was a little comedy in which a lady, on parting with the principal actor, feigns an emotion she is far from feeling, and maintains a semblance of bitter weeping by means of a small bottle filled with water, which she carries around in her sleeve. But a *confidante*, perceiving the trick, and profiting by a moment of inattention on the belle’s part, adroitly substitutes a bottle of ink for the other vial. The result can be readily imagined. This piece of buffoonery always brings down the house, and our three friends joined heartily in the laughter.

At the conclusion of the first piece the curtain was lowered with all possible slowness, in order that the audience might retain the impression of the final tableau as long as possible. These curtains are usually the property of the actors, and are really so many trophies of former successes on their part.



They have generally been presented to them as tokens of admiration by different cities and towns in which they have played, so they always carry them with them on their dramatic tours, and the more they can display, the greater their celebrity.

After the farce came another play, of an entirely different character. The following is the legend upon which it was founded:—

#### THE STORY OF MATSUWO'S SACRIFICE.

Near Osaka is a river which was diverted out of its natural channel, many years ago, by the construction of an artificial island called Tsuki-jima. Tradition says that this island had been twice constructed and twice demolished by the waves. A wise man, named Abe-no-Yasunji, having been consulted in regard to the cause of these repeated catastrophes, replied that the water at this point was the abode of a dragon, who was highly incensed that his watery home should be transformed into a bit of *terra-firma*. The sage's powers of divination, however, had revealed to him a means of appeasing the dragon, and consequently averting any similar calamity in the future. It was only necessary that the stones upon which the island was rebuilt should have a text in Sanscrit inscribed upon it, and that they should rest upon *thirty human pillars*. Upon these conditions, the work might proceed unhindered, and no further disaster need be apprehended.

Armed with these instructions, Kijomari set out, with a company of soldiers, to stop any travellers who chanced to be passing that way, and the required number of victims was soon secured. Such a cry of indignant protest resounded from Hiogo, that all the prisoners belonging to that town were released; hence the saying: "He is an Hiogo man; let him pass." The vacancies thus made in the ranks were subsequently filled, and preparations for the dread ceremony begun; but the friends and relatives of the victims made

such a wild clamour that Kijomari was obliged to postpone the sacrificial rites until a more favourable moment.

In the meantime, a young man named Matsuwo Kōtei presented himself, and demanded that the thirty unfortunates should be released, asserting that the dragon would be content with a single victim, provided the sacrifice was entirely voluntary on his part, and offered himself as a propitiatory sacrifice. This magnanimous proposal was finally accepted; and Matsuwo, having been placed in a stone coffin, was lowered into the water, to the entire satisfaction of the dragon, who allowed the work to be completed without further hindrance.

With this half-mythological, half-historical legend, so dear to the Japanese heart, had been interwoven a tale of love and intrigue, as in our own historical plays, with an accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music. Plays of this kind are called *utaïs*, and are extremely popular with the public. As they recall to mind the famous deeds and remarkable traits of national heroes, they at least have the merit of strengthening patriotic sentiments. Two celebrated actors, known as Se-Ami and Oto-Ami, rendered their names illustrious in this way in the Fifteenth Century, and from that time to this, or at least until very recently, no change or improvements have been made in the stage settings or scenery of these remarkable dramatic performances. It was even customary, when a play of this kind was produced, not to employ any of the stage decorations which were probably in use in the days they originated; so the spectator, seeing a room having on the wall a placard, with the words, "*This is a forest*," "*This is a palace*," or "*This is a river*," inscribed upon it, might imagine himself transported back to the days when the drama was indeed in its infancy.

Thanks to the simplicity of these stage-settings, individuals were able to enjoy the luxury of a private theatre, and one usually formed a part of the ancient palaces of the Daimios.

These great feudal nobles did not disdain to sometimes tread the boards themselves, it is said, taking the precaution to place the stage upon huge china vases, in order to increase the sonorousness of their voices.

But all these things now belong to an age that is past. The grandees of Japan no longer condescend to appear upon the stage, and the *utaï* is no longer produced in all its pristine simplicity:

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A MUSIC-LESSON.

POSSIBLY the reader thinks that Inoya had an unusual amount of leisure time for a college boy. This was due to the fact that recitations lasted from seven in the morning until noon, as is customary in Japan, leaving the rest of the day for optional branches,—like music and the dead languages,—or for study and social enjoyment. In other countries, where children are so often idle or insubordinate, this half-day at school would not suffice for the course of study marked out; but Japanese children being extraordinarily docile and studious, they can accomplish a great deal more work in a given time.

Inoya, who felt quite rich since Nosoki had paid him so liberally for his screen, resolved to take the college course in music, like his friend Toyo. This was one of the most popular of the special courses, and the lessons were given in the main hall, and were attended by pupils of all ages.

The music taught was entirely of the Japanese school, M. Lagrénie's efforts to introduce European music having proved utterly futile. The Japanese do not understand foreign music. They even think it frightfully discordant. Our most harmonious chords sound false in their ears; and the sweetest notes of a piano or organ are as disagreeable to them as a Chinese tamtam would be to a European. They know nothing whatever about any kind of reed or

keyed instruments. Theirs are nearly all stringed instruments, though they also have some of a percussive kind, such as drums and tambourines; wooden trumpets, too, are often used.

M. Lagrénie, whose musical taste had been highly cultivated, had endeavoured to interest himself in Japanese music and to comprehend it, but his efforts in this direction had not been attended with much success. Japanese music is closely allied to the Chinese in character, and is as vague and mysterious as their system of philosophy. Like their music, it all seems to centre or to be based upon the figure five. There are consequently five notes in their scale, and a great number of chromatic intervals. The keys are entirely different from ours, there being one for each month of the year; consequently, the notes, too, change every month. The trumpets, which are supposed to represent the sound of the wind, also change in pitch every month.

Professor Yamada was a celebrated Japanese composer, and, consequently, an openly-avowed hater of European music. "It is good enough for peasants, and women and children," he declared; "but no cultivated person can listen to it without experiencing torture!"

This singular diversity of taste between Orientals and Europeans has never been satisfactorily explained to this day, though it has been made the subject of profound study. It is due, doubtless, to an organic difference between the two races. It is certainly very remarkable that the Japanese, who are so superior to us, so far as an innate taste for colour is concerned, should be so utterly deaf to true harmony.

The best, or, rather, the most gifted, of all Professor Yamada's pupils was unquestionably Toyo.

At the master's bidding, the pupils took their places at the music-stands and desks, which had been arranged in the middle of the hall, and upon which the different orchestral scores had been placed.

Toyo played the *koto*, one of the most effective of Japanese instruments, and enchanted his auditors by the sounds he drew from it.

It is an instrument about six feet long, and consists of a sounding-board, over which are stretched thirteen silk strings, each five feet in length, and provided with a separate bridge. It is played with both hands, like a harp, the tips of the fingers being protected with ivory thimbles. The tuning is effected by shifting the position of the bridge, and semi-tones are obtained by pressing the string behind the bridge. The noisy selection rendered by Toyo elicited warm applause from his fellow-students. There was not a soft passage in it; everything was *fortissimo*, and sounded more blatant and strident to foreign ears than the music we hear at a country fair.

Afterwards several pupils performed selections upon the *cho*, an instrument composed of seventeen flutes of different lengths, and generally reserved for women, but which Professor Yamada was teaching some of his pupils to play, in order to make up a complete orchestra. This instrument is really one of the most powerful and melodious in Japan, its clear notes dominating all the others in an orchestra. Some of the lads also played the *koma fuyé*, or antique flute.

After each pupil had played his part through, the professor gave the signal for them all to begin together,—that is to say, with five *kotos*, a dozen *chos*, and as many flutes. The frightful racket that resulted from this combination would have put any foreign audience to

flight; but to Japanese ears it formed a harmony more delightful than any sonata of Beethoven's played by Rubenstein; and Inoya, enchanted, opened his eyes as wide as his ears, so astonished was he at his companions' talent.

He then took part with them in a singing-lesson. This exercise consisted of strangely harsh sounds produced by the word "no" sustained a long while in a continuous tremolo,—a strange medley of shrieks and bellows, something alike terrible and indescribable,—and filled with half-stifled, guttural exclamations,—in short, a most hideous uproar.

Professor Yamada declared himself perfectly satisfied, however. During a moment's pause, he even assured Toyo that if he would only practise diligently, he would certainly make himself a great name in the musical world some day.

"Ah! if I could only buy myself a *koto*," murmured the lad, with a sigh, thinking what delightful hours he would spend if he only had an instrument of his own to play on when he pleased.

A few minutes' recess was granted the youthful musicians, during which one of them executed a tremolo upon a particularly difficult note.

The others, scattered around the room, were chatting in subdued tones. Inoya, who had been plunged into a sort of sweet, sad reverie by the music, was thinking of Marusaki, who played the *cho* so cleverly and executed the dance of the *four seasons* to perfection.

Without paying any real attention to what was going on around him, he vaguely overheard the conversation of some of his fellow-students, who were chatting near by without appearing to notice him.

“Yes; my father received the news this morning,” said Shakespeare Yaritomo’s voice. “It seems the old man absolutely refused to surrender, and has shut himself up in his castle, declaring that he will pay no heed to the orders of the Governor of Tokio, and that he will obey nobody but the Mikado himself. Very naturally, the officer my father sent ordered an attack to be made, but the castle is strongly fortified, and the old man has several devoted servants who are aiding him in its defence. My father sent reënforcements in the shape of five hundred well-armed men this morning, and I heard his last words: ‘I must have Darli-Richita,—or rather, Asama, for that is his real name,—dead or alive!’”

A sort of mist obscured Inoya’s vision, and a cry of anguish escaped him. Shakespeare and his companions turned, and saw that he was as pale as death, and trembling from head to foot, but soon he managed to falter out:—

“Is it of my father you are speaking, Shakespeare?”

“Yes.”

“It is my father that your father is trying to murder?”

“Why no, you little idiot! My father has only given orders for his arrest. It is your father who is resisting, and compelling the soldiers to lay siege to his old shanty.”

“O father, my beloved father!” cried Inoya, wringing his hands. “That is why he has not written to me! Besieged,—dead, perhaps, already! Oh, this is the punishment for my flight and disobedience! I am accursed, indeed! I have brought ruin upon those I love best in the world!”

The poor boy was overwhelmed with despair. Toyo approached, and tried to calm him with affectionate and encouraging words, but none of the others dared to make



any demonstration of sympathy. The Governor of Tokio was a great and powerful man ; what he had done was all right, doubtless ; at all events, it was not advisable to set one's self up against those in authority.

"What do you propose doing?" asked Toyo, as he led his friend out of the building.

"Alas! alas! I do not know. Consult with M. Duplay and Miva first, I suppose ; but what can they do for us? My father has lived in seclusion so long that everybody has forgotten him. Who will take his part against the great and powerful Yaritomo? And yet that wicked man must hate him, or why should he give his soldiers orders to take him, dead or alive?"

Inoya's agony was the more intense from the fact that he did not even understand the nature of the calamity that had overtaken his parent.

Toyo accompanied him home, and good Miva's indignation on hearing what the Governor of Tokio had done can be more easily imagined than described.

"Like all traitors, he will show him no mercy!" he exclaimed, shaking his head. "I know the scoundrel well, though he has changed his name, the better to deceive everyone. He calls himself Yaritomo now, but his real name is Yoshitsne. He was a deserter from the Tycoon's army —"

"Yoshitsne!" cried Inoya. "Why, in that case, he is my father's sworn enemy, the man who betrayed him, and then secured possession of his property! I have heard his name uttered a hundred times at home with curses deep and terrible. And that venomous serpent is Yaritomo! and that Shakespeare we sheltered beneath our roof is his son! Everything is explained now! I see why the wretch hunts my father down so relentlessly."

Alas! yes, everything was clear now. And Inoya was even more responsible than he imagined for the misfortunes which had befallen his loved ones; for it was his arrival in Tokio that had reminded Shakespeare of the visit he had paid at the *chiro*, and that had finally led him to speak of it.

The revelation had occurred one evening after dinner, in the drawing-room of the Governor's mansion. Yaritomo was sitting, majestically enthroned, in an arm-chair covered with green velvet; Mme. Yaritomo, seated opposite him in a similar chair, was silently fanning herself, while she gazed admiringly at her new gown, made in the latest European fashion, as she supposed; Shakespeare, clad from head to foot in garments that he flattered himself came direct from Paris, but were merely from San Francisco, was lounging on a sofa near his parents. All at once an idea seemed to strike him.

"You can't guess who I saw yesterday in one of the lower classes at college," he remarked, turning to his mother. "It was that queer little Inoya I've told you about."

"And who is Inoya?" inquired Mme. Yaritomo, languidly. "I don't remember to have ever heard you speak of him."

"But I have several times. He is the son of that old hermit we found living in the cellar of a ruined castle,—Dañli-Richita —"

"The son of whom?" interrupted Yaritomo, in a voice that made his son and wife start violently. "What name was that you uttered just now?"

"That of Dañli-Richita, father," replied Shakespeare, all of a tremble. "You know that during my trip with M. Duplay an accident compelled us to accept the hospitality of a sort of hermit —"

“I know?” repeated the official, bitterly. “Who has ever taken the trouble to inform me, I should like to inquire? Was it an obedient son or a devoted wife, who, knowing how important it was to me, to discover this rebel’s retreat, took pains to apprise me of it? Ungrateful child that you are, you yourself confess you spent days under the roof of a life-long enemy, and never even thought of informing me of the fact!”

“When I returned from my journey, father, I tried to tell you about it, though M. Duplay advised me to keep this episode of our excursion a secret —”

“M. Duplay!” interrupted Yaritomo, knitting his heavy brows until his eyes were nearly concealed from view. “So M. Duplay advised you to keep the matter a secret, did he? From me, do you mean?”

“No, father, from everybody. He said that as Daïli-Richita preferred a life of seclusion, his guests certainly had no right to reveal his place of retreat.”

The governor had risen, and was now striding up and down the room, his head bowed upon his breast, an ominous cloud upon his brow.

M. Duplay’s name, used in this connection, aroused his suspicions. Could it be that Daïli-Richita had told him all? In that case what must be M. Duplay’s opinion of him? And the secrecy he had urged Shakespeare to maintain,—was it not chiefly toward him that this reserve was to be observed? He shook his head, as if to drive away an unwelcome thought, and turning to his son,—

“Where did you say this man lived?” he asked, curtly.

“In Nagaharon, at the foot of Mt. Ravacha,” replied Shakespeare, meekly.

“But that castle is nothing but an old ruin.”

“Yes; but it is in the cellar, or, rather, basement, of this ruin that Darli-Richita lives. He seems to have made a few repairs, and lives there in poverty, with three or four men, who cultivate a rice-field in the neighbouring valley.”

“Are these men devoted to him?”

“They seem to simply adore him and his family.”

“Do you think they have any weapons?”

“I did not see any during our stay in the old hovel.”

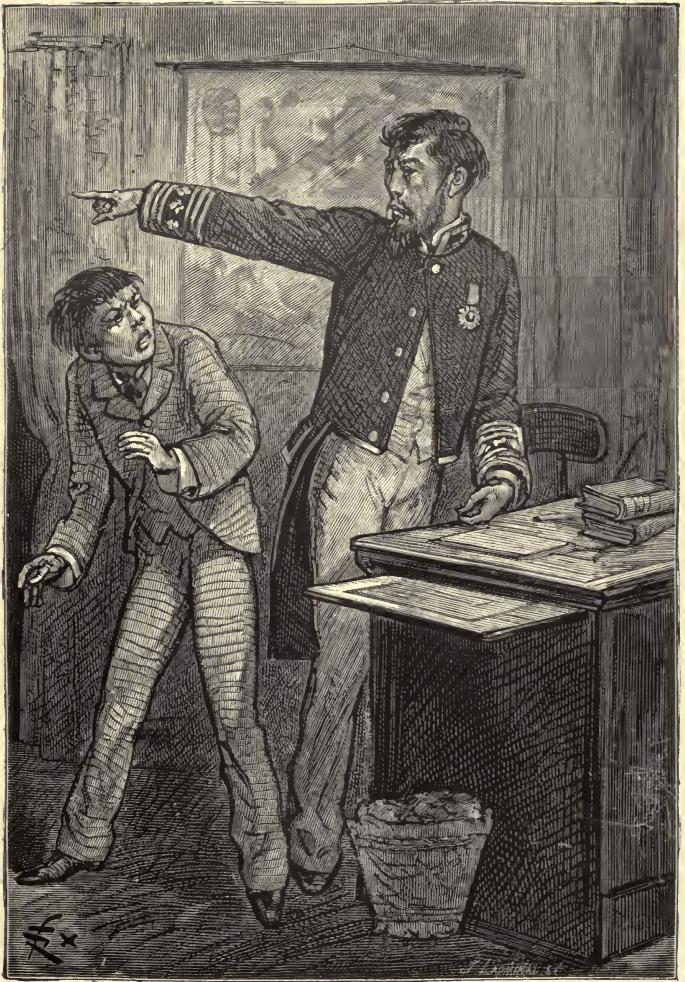
“Very well. I know now all that I need know. Not a word of this, you understand, to any living soul! Darli-Richita is one of the most dangerous rebels in the country, and a sentence of death has been hanging over his head for years. His real name is Asama. This other name, which he has borrowed since his defeat, is a pet name, bestowed upon him in childhood, as I have reason to know, for many an hour we two have played together on the ramparts at Nagaharon.”

The recollection of his boyhood's days should have softened the Governor's heart: but, on the contrary, it only seemed to increase his fury, and in an even more angry voice, he added,—

“If you know when you are well off, you will hold your tongue, as your friend, the Frenchman, advised. Do you understand me? Not a word about this to any living soul,” he repeated, fixing his eyes upon Shakespeare with an expression that frightened the youth nearly out of his wits. “Now go to your room, and another time don't try to keep things from your father, but endeavour to be a little more alive to his interests!”

With an imperious gesture, he motioned him to the door, and Shakespeare hastily slunk out of the room.

Inoya, of course, knew nothing of all this; but he did know that his father was being besieged in his



“WITH AN IMPERIOUS GESTURE HE MOTIONED HIM TO  
THE DOOR.”



own house, and that at this very moment he might be dangerously wounded or even dead, so he wanted to start for home without a moment's delay. Miva dissuaded him from doing so, however,—though not without serious difficulty,—and finally prevailed upon him to go and consult with M. Lagrénie and M. Duplay.

“What do you want to go home for?” he exclaimed. “To get killed? Your death would only add another to your father's numerous misfortunes. You had much better try to enlist the sympathies of those who can be of assistance to you. M. Duplay must have some influence in high places; M. Lagrénie certainly has, and he is a most excellent man, just and kind-hearted as a man can possibly be. Go to him, tell him all about the affair, and ask his advice. I am almost sure he can and will help you.”

Miva's kind and encouraging words consoled Inoya a little. It was too late for him to see the gentlemen that night, however, so there was nothing for him to do but wait until morning.

Inoya passed a terrible night. Sometimes he fancied he heard his father cursing his undutiful son; sometimes he saw Marusaki being dragged away by brutal soldiers, and casting a last look of reproach upon him as she disappeared from his sight. His dreams were harrowing beyond description, and they tormented him until daylight came.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THWARTED!

THE warm, bright summer's day was fast drawing to a close. Over Daïli-Richita's castle tiny clouds, empurpled by the rays of the setting sun, were chasing one another over the soft blue sky. By the vine-clad window of her own little room, Marusaki sat sewing, half-singing, half-crooning, one of the favourite songs of her native land:

“Life lasts but for a moment,  
Life is a fleeting dream:  
A bit of ice, or a bit of snow,  
That melts in the first sunbeam.”

The girl's gentle face wore an expression of profound melancholy, and her sweet voice trembled as she sang. Life at the *chiro* had been gloomy indeed since Inoya's departure. Holding himself more aloof than ever, Daïli-Richita concealed his sorrow and anxiety beneath a still more austere and forbidding manner. He interchanged only a word or two with his daughter at meals, so she, too, was obliged to sedulously conceal her doubts and fears concerning her dear little brother.

Suddenly it occurred to her that Daïli-Richita had seemed to enjoy some pure cool water that she had brought from a spring far down the mountain-side the



evening before. Desirous of again affording him the same pleasure, she took a big earthen pitcher, and going out through the garden, bounded down the narrow path with a tread as light as that of a gazelle.

As she approached the spring, which was hidden from view by a clump of trees, she gave a violent start, then suddenly paused. A ray from the declining sun had just struck the highly-polished barrel of a rifle in the valley below, almost dazzling her eyes for an instant.

It was something so strange and unusual that Marusaki stood for a moment motionless with astonishment. Who could it be that was going about thus armed in this peaceful and isolated region? In some incomprehensible way, this unusual occurrence immediately became connected in the young girl's mind with the thought of her father. What if danger threatened him! Resolved to ascertain, she set her pitcher down, and crept cautiously along toward the spring, concealing herself behind the trees and bushes which grew in great abundance on the low ground around the spring.

As she neared the spot, she perceived with dire misgivings that it was not a single armed man, as she had supposed at first, who was resting in the shade under the trees, but fully a hundred grim-looking individuals, whom she knew to be soldiers, not only by the stack of rifles beside them, but by their uniforms.

Marusaki, knowing that it would not be prudent to approach too near, crouched behind a big tree, like a timid fawn, and forced herself, despite the wild throbbing of her heart, to strain every nerve, in order to obtain, if possible, a clue to this mystery. She felt sure that

some terrible danger was impending, and her worst fears were realized when the evening breeze brought to her listening ears these words, uttered by the roughest and most ferocious-looking of the soldiers:—

“It is nearly dark now, and there ’ll be no moon to-night. It will be a capital time to surprise him!”

“Are we far from the place?” inquired another.

“Far from the place? No, indeed! If we don’t break our necks clambering over the rocks, we shall soon get there. Lift up your head, instead of keeping it all the time buried in your *saké* cup, and you ’ll see a black speck up there on the mountain-side. That ’s the place.”

Marusaki waited to hear no more. Her suspicions were verified. It was her father these armed men were in pursuit of! The black speck on the mountain-side was the *chiro*. Noiselessly she sprang to her feet, and glided back, like a ghost, the same way she had come. The men would probably wait until nightfall, as they had spoken of a surprise. The mountain was steep, and the path stony and rough, so they would scarcely reach the *chiro* before ten o’clock. It was nearly eight now. By hurrying, Marusaki might hope to arrive in time. Thanking Heaven for the impulse that had caused her to descend the mountain that evening, she flew up the path as fast as her feet would carry her. More than once her breath almost failed her, and her heart throbbed almost to bursting; but, spurred on by an agonizing desire to reach home in time to save her father, she rushed on with superhuman energy. Once she fancied she heard the tread of armed men behind her. Once she lost her footing on a rolling stone, and fell on the sharp rocks. Springing up again, almost instantly, without even discovering that her hands and face were covered with

blood, she hastened on. To reach home, — reach it in time, — this was her one thought.

At last she saw the weather-stained walls of the *chiro* rising before her. She darted in, flew to her father, and forgetting the timidity he usually inspired, she flung her arms around his neck, and pressed him to her heart.

“Father, defend yourself!” she cried, wildly. “The soldiers are here! They hope to take you by surprise!”

“Soldiers!” exclaimed Dañi-Richita. “Where are they? What do you mean? Speak, my child!”

Marusaki, panting for breath, told her father what had happened. When she had concluded her story, her father embraced her tenderly.

“You are a brave child, and your father blesses you,” he said. “Thanks to you, my daughter, I shall not be taken like a fox in his den.”

Transformed by the near approach of danger, Dañi-Richita hastily began his preparations for defence. While he was taking some old-fashioned but well-preserved muskets from a big chest in which they were usually kept, old Tokiwa hastened to the rice-field to summon the three men who were working there. The rough drawbridge that protected the entrance was removed, and the gateway leading into the garden strongly barricaded with heavy pieces of timber, while the windows and other openings in the walls were transformed into excellent loopholes for defence by the liberal use of mats, rugs and mattresses.

In less than an hour all the preparations were completed, and each defender was at his post, even Marusaki and old Tokiwa, to whom the task of re-loading the weapons was intrusted, while all available provisions, in the shape of rice, vegetables, dried fruit and fish, were

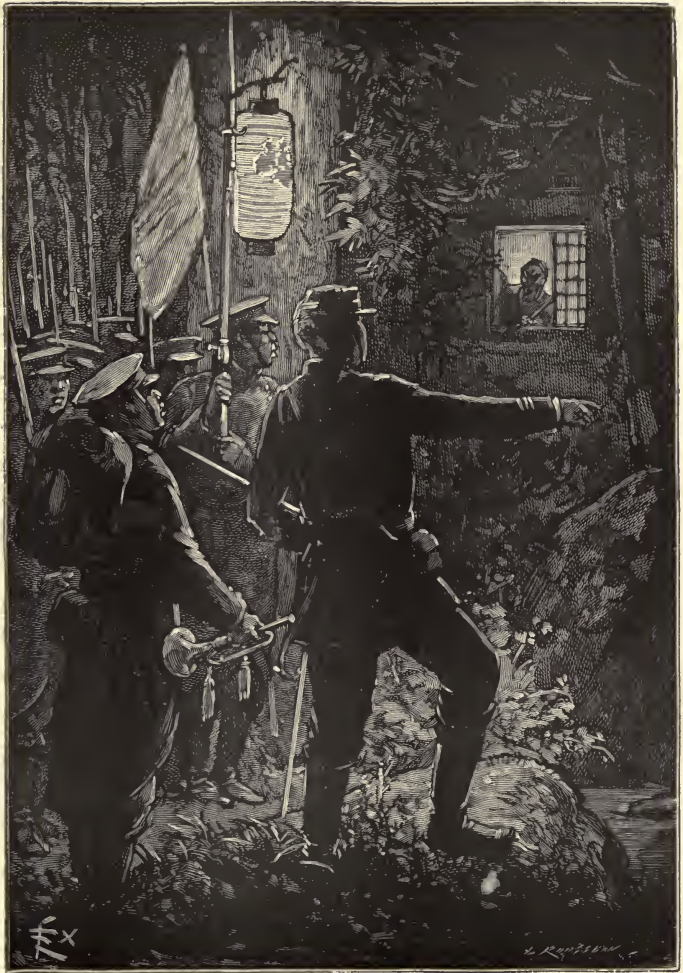
stored in the lower hall. In short, the *chiro*, instead of submitting to capture without firing a shot, as the assailants anticipated, had prepared for a protracted siege. There was no outward indication of these warlike intentions on the part of its occupants, however. No lights were visible, and the entire building was shrouded in silence and darkness.

It was nearly midnight, and as yet no sound had been heard save the faint sighing of the breeze through the foliage, when, suddenly, loud shouts rent the air, and a shower of bullets fell upon the silent walls of the *chiro*; for it was in this way that the soldiers, finding the moat impassable, and all the entrances securely closed, gave vent to their wrath and disappointment.

But when the smoke had lifted, and the soldiers had approached each other, probably for the purpose of deciding upon some plan of action, another discharge of musketry was heard. A brisk fire proceeded from every loophole, but instead of falling harmlessly, as the bullets of the besiegers had done, these went straight to the mark, and the consternation of the assailants was so great that they took to their heels, leaving seven or eight wounded on the field.

Rallied by their leader, they soon retraced their steps, and held a council of war, out of their opponents' range.

Their plan had failed, though the march had been made with the greatest possible celerity and secrecy. They must see now if they could secure by persuasion what they had been unable to achieve by force of arms, and also to carry off the wounded, who were groaning on the ground near the moat. Yévas, the captain of the company of regulars dispatched to the *chiro*, was a man of courage and energy. He was a graduate of a famous French military



“SURRENDER THE KEYS OF YOUR CASTLE!”



school, and one of the most promising officers in the Japanese Army.

He ordered the bugler to sound a parley, and then, after he had displayed a flag of truce, and lighted a lantern so it could be seen, he advanced in person to the moat, and shouted a vigourous halloo.

A window opened, and the Daimio's resolute face appeared.

"What do you want of me?" he demanded, haughtily.

"Da'li-Richita," replied Yévas, "I come, in the name of our august Mikado, to demand the surrender of your castle and your person!"

"I shall surrender neither of my own free-will!" answered the Daimio. "My castle is as much my own as my own person. I owe nothing to the Mikado, who has no right to rob me of the privilege I inherited from my ancestors! Why should any one come to molest me in the humble abode where I lead the life of a voluntary exile? I am old and inoffensive, and only ask to be allowed to rear my children in peace. Why should I be disturbed in the accomplishment of this duty?"

"I am not here to argue," replied Captain Yévas, moved, in spite of himself, by this touching yet dignified appeal. "You have been a soldier, Asama, and you know that obedience is a soldier's first duty. My superiors sent me here, with orders to take you, dead or alive; and I can only obey. Permit me to say, however, that I should greatly prefer to accomplish my mission without further bloodshed. I offer you your life; that is all I can do. Resistance, Asama, is vain, and it would be well for you to realize that fact; so surrender the keys of your castle without further delay!"

"Come and take them!" Da'li-Richita cried, defiantly,

though he had never read a page of Greek history in his life.

He closed the window, leaving Captain Yévas to return the way he had come. The wounded had been removed during this hasty colloquy, which was the only advantage the assailants seemed likely to derive from it. It was evident that only a regularly-conducted siege, or at least a strictly-enforced blockade, could conquer the rebel's obstinacy; so Captain Yévas immediately adopted measures to make it as effective as possible. After posting his men on the hills surrounding the castle, he announced that he would wait until daylight before attempting another attack. Very possibly he hoped that the night would bring Daïli-Richita counsel, and he would decide to submit. If this was his expectation, he was greatly deceived. The *chiro* presented the same silent and gloomy aspect in daylight as in darkness; there was no sign of any life within, except a tiny column of smoke, indicative of preparations for breakfast, doubtless; but it was only necessary to approach the building to elicit from it an effectual reminder that its ancient walls must still be treated with respect.

Captain Yévas saw that this determined resistance could only be overcome by a protracted siege, so he confined his efforts to investing the place, stationing his men at such points as commanded all the approaches to the *chiro*; then he dispatched a messenger to Tokio, to describe the situation of affairs and ask for reënforcements.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MIKADO'S VISIT.

AS SOON as morning dawned, Inoya hastened to M. Duplay's house, to ask his advice. That gentleman was greatly distressed by the news his little friend brought him. He instantly divined how it had occurred, and understood that his visit to the castle in company with Shakespeare had been the primary cause of these misfortunes, though they had probably been hastened by Inoya's flight and subsequent arrival in Tokio. Consequently, he considered himself responsible, at least to a certain extent, for the dangers that were now threatening Daïli-Richita, and was correspondingly anxious to devise some means of averting them.

First of all, however, it was absolutely necessary to obtain some definite information concerning the affair, as well as to secure the assistance and coöperation of the French Minister and of the friends he had at court; so he advised Inoya to go to the University as usual, to confide his troubles to no one but M. Lagrénie, and await the result of these attempts to interest certain influential personages in Daïli-Richita's behalf.

After thanking him most gratefully, Inoya ran home to report to Miva, but failing to find him, hastened to the University.

"The president cannot see any one before eleven

o'clock!" was the response the poor boy received when he made known his request.

He reluctantly wended his way to the class-room, longing for the time to come when he could unburden his heart to the kind-hearted president. His fellow-students watched him with evident curiosity, but no friendly hand was extended to him, except that of Toyo, who occupied a seat beside him. Tankaï, who was not present the afternoon before, was still ignorant of what had occurred. On hearing of it, he came to assure his little friend of his sympathy, but of course he could render him no assistance.

The signal for the assembling of the class of design separated them. This was Inoya's favourite class; but he did not repair to it with his usual alacrity that day. He was so gloomy and dejected, in fact, that he hardly had courage to place before him, even for appearance's sake, the water-colour he had begun during the previous lesson.

It was a single superb chrysanthemum stalk. Inoya had portrayed with much skill and taste the golden petals of the imperial emblem, its delicately-cut leaves of velvety green, the warm and varied tints of the corolla, and the proud and stately bearing of the plant. But to-day his brush remained inactive; his model reared itself before his eyes in vain; his heart and thoughts were elsewhere.

He scarcely heard a word of the professor's lecture on flowers, their proper use in decorations, and the wonderful charm of a single spray of cherry or plum-blossoms upon a plain background.

"Europeans do not agree with us in these matters of ornamentation," he remarked. "They do not hesitate to combine flowers of every sort and colour in a single picture, as if the effectiveness of an object of decorative art depended upon quantity and variety. Some of their



“THE IDEA OF SEVERING A ROSE FROM ITS STEM, OR OF STRIPPING IT OF ITS LEAVES, NEVER EVEN OCCURS TO THEM.”



artists are beginning to understand the superiority of a more simple ornamentation, in what they very justly call the Japanese style. Their fans, which, by the way, are used only by women, are now often decorated with a single spray of flowers, and many of their painters, especially in France, display a skill in this particular branch of art that would do honour to our best artists.

“But one relic of barbarism still exists in Europe,—that is in the arrangement of bouquets. In Japan, you know how well your mothers and sisters have learned the art of adorning their homes with flowers. We have books in plenty giving the principles of this beautiful art, which transforms our homes into fragrant temples. We all know that nothing can be more effective in an alcove or window than a single branch covered with snowy cherry-blossoms, or a piece of an azalea-bush loaded with pink flowers, and we order our pictures accordingly. In the huge vases of costly porcelain that adorn their apartments, our ladies place a single iris, rising out of a mass of the long, blade-like leaves belonging to the plant, a queenly lily, or a lotus surrounded by its rich, luxuriant foliage.

“The idea of severing a rose from its stem, or depriving it of its leaves, or, in short, of its beauty, to fasten it to the end of a stick or bit of wire, never even occurs to them. Yet the art of bouquet-making in Europe consists in doing this. The flowers thus mutilated are crowded together in a heterogeneous mass, or arranged in circles with mathematical precision, and the whole is then surrounded by a frill of lace-paper. And this is called a bouquet of flowers! Massed in this way, the beauty and individuality of each flower is entirely lost. Affixed to a piece of wire, it can no longer even bend its head. A

tiresome and monotonous regularity, like that which one observes in a battalion of soldiers, is all that is left to these blossoms, whose every attitude, so instinct with life in their natural state, is as much a part of their beauty as their colour and form."

But Inoya did not even hear these remarks, which he would have jotted down in his note-book so eagerly at any other time. But an unexpected occurrence brought the lesson to a sudden termination. The folding-doors were thrown wide open, and an usher announced, in stentorian tones,—

"His Majesty, the Mikado!"

All the pupils instantly rose, and bowed profoundly; nor did they raise their heads again until the Emperor motioned them to do so, and even then Tankai persisted in maintaining the Oriental attitude of respect, which he had assumed almost involuntarily on his sovereign's entrance.

The Mikado's visits to the University were frequent, or rather continued. The chief agent in, as well as the beneficiary of, the revolution which had so completely transformed his Empire in an inconceivably brief period of time, the Mikado's fondness for everything foreign amounted to a positive passion, and he took as great an interest in the progress made by science in distant lands as the ladies of Tokio took in the Paris fashions. He wanted to investigate everything for himself, and knew no better way of accomplishing this result than to attend school, like Charlemagne, on the pretext of superintending what was going on there.

His visit that day was not due merely to chance, however. Apprised by Miva of the plot against his young *protégé's* father, M. Lagrénie had hastened to the

palace, where, as an ardent disciple of progress and reform, he could always count upon a cordial reception. He did not have the slightest difficulty in arousing in the sovereign's mind a desire to look in upon the art-class, and he could not help regarding this first success on his part as a favourable omen.

The Mikado was unattended, except by M. Lagrénie, whom he treated with the greatest deference.

"I am anxious to see some of your work," he said, addressing the pupils, "so your president has kindly given me permission to interrupt you," he continued, smiling. "Ah! that is a very pretty bunch of azaleas," he remarked, addressing a pupil in the front row.

He walked on, dropping a word of well-deserved praise or judicious criticism now and then.

Inoya was almost petrified with astonishment.

What! this man in uniform, who chatted so familiarly with the president of the University, was the Mikado, whose slightest word was law throughout the land! Could it be the autocrat before whom each and every person was expected to prostrate himself in the dust in former times who was addressing these friendly comments and questions to these insignificant schoolboys?

Inoya could hardly believe his own eyes; at the same time he suddenly became conscious of a strong feeling of hopefulness. This pleasant-faced, amiable-looking young man certainly could not desire the death of his innocent father! It was impossible!

Meanwhile, the Mikado had walked up and down several of the aisles, and just then paused beside Inoya, to examine his work.

"The imperial emblem!" he exclaimed, "and beautifully done! Notice the freedom of the drawing and the

brilliancy of the colouring, Mr. President. This *chef d'œuvre* is partly your work, I presume, Professor?"

"Not at all, Sire. The lad has had no assistance whatever in his work. I have not even given him so much as a word of advice, being anxious to see how he would manage by himself."

Inoya, too frightened to utter a word, stood perfectly motionless, with eyes downcast. He longed to speak and implore the Mikado to pardon his father, but the words stuck in his parched throat, and he could not make the slightest sound.

"Indeed! at his age!" exclaimed the Mikado, scrutinizing Inoya's refined and intelligent face. "It is really astonishing! The painting shows remarkable talent, and an originality, too, that is really quite astonishing. I should like very much to have this water-colour in my collection,—if only as a curiosity."

"Ah, Sire! I should consider it indeed an honour if your Majesty would condescend to accept my sketch!"

The Mikado smiled at the lad's innate politeness, and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"I will accept your gift, with pleasure, my little friend, provided that you will bring it to me yourself after you have affixed your name to it, and that you will select something you take a fancy to in the palace."

"Oh, Sire! I have a much greater boon to ask of you!" faltered Inoya.

"And what may that be?" asked the Mikado, frowning slightly, for the thought that Inoya was disposed to take undue advantage of his kindness displeased him.

"A pardon for my father!" stammered Inoya, trembling in every limb.

"And who is your father?"



“Darli-Richita, Daimio of Nagaharon. My father is innocent of any crime, I swear it,—and yet there is a man who is resolved to have his life, if possible.”

“And who is it that is resolved to have his life?”

“Yaritomo, the Governor of Tokio!”

A half-stifled exclamation of astonishment burst from the students. How bold and insolent this stranger was to dare to denounce the Governor of Tokio,—one of the most powerful dignitaries in the Empire!

The Mikado made an impatient, almost angry, gesture.

“If the Governor of Tokio is an enemy to your father, he has good reasons for it, doubtless,” he answered, dryly, with an evident intention of moving on.

“Oh, listen to me, Sire, I implore you!” exclaimed poor Inoya, in beseeching tones. “Do not decide until you know for a certainty. My father is innocent, I swear it, and Yaritomo is a wicked man.”

Inoya's entreating voice, and his unmistakable sincerity touched M. Lagrénie deeply. The worthy president found himself in the position of a man who had resolved to do a little, but who finds himself gradually compelled to do more and more. When Miva first endeavoured to interest him in Inoya, the thought occurred to him that the lad's admission to the University might be of advantage to his father some day; afterwards, Inoya's frankness and loyalty and courage had so won his heart that he now longed most ardently to avert the calamity that threatened him, and the profound esteem the sovereign had always manifested for him seemed to furnish a pretty good foundation for a hope of ultimate success.

“May I venture to ask you to listen to this lad, Sire,” he interposed. “He is a good boy, with the best heart in the world. Deign to lend an ear to his request.”

“But this Dañli-Richita is a rebel against the laws of the state, doubtless,” remarked the sovereign.

“Do not believe it, Sire!” exclaimed Inoya. “My father leads a regular hermit’s life in the ruins of his old castle. He has brought me up to love my country and respect its government. During the revolution he fought on the side of the vanquished, but now the war is over, is it a crime to hold one’s self aloof, and not to clamour for honours and favours, as so many of the losers have done? My father is proud, Sire; he has all the pride that justly belongs to an ancient family which never gave birth to a traitor; so how could he ever prove a traitor to his cause? That is the reason he lives in poverty and obscurity, without asking for the reward which the Government owes him for having saved the city of Tendañ from certain destruction.”

“What!” exclaimed the Mikado. “Is your father the man who was known as Dañli-Asama during the war?”

“Yes, Sire; that was the name given him by his companions-in-arms. You remember, Sire, that he saved the women and children of Tendañ from their fury by threatening to kill any man who harmed a hair of their heads. When the war ended, he lived for a time in the desert, and then took up his abode in the ruins of his former home,—forgotten by every one. Now a relentless enemy sends a company of soldiers to arrest him. What crime has he committed? Are the feuds of the late Civil War to last forever? Is it customary in Japan to send an armed force to arrest a defenceless old man? Has the Governor of Tokio any right to give vent to his personal hatred in this way? I appeal to your Majesty’s sense of justice!”

The Mikado seemed to be agitated by conflicting

sentiments. A death-like silence pervaded the room, and every eye was riveted on Inoya. Animated by an intense desire to save his father, he would have spoken now before the entire world.

"Are you sure of what you assert, my boy?" asked the Mikado, at last.

"I heard it from the lips of the governor's own son."

"Is Shakespeare Yaritomo present?" asked M. Lagrénie.

Shakespeare stepped forward, trembling in every limb.

"I beg you will forgive my imprudence, Sire," he stammered. "I have been so foolish to disclose facts which my father intended to keep a profound secret. Forgive me!"

"Then what this lad says is true?" asked the Mikado, thoughtfully.

"It is true that soldiers have been sent to arrest the famous rebel, Daïli-Richita."

"That is very strange!" muttered the Mikado. "I will certainly look into this matter. It is needless to say that the law must take its course, however, and that Daïli-Richita, if he is guilty, will be punished as he deserves," he continued, suddenly recollecting his rôle as the head of a constitutional monarchy. "In the Empire of Japan, the law, not the sovereign's will, reigns supreme. If Yaritomo has exceeded his prerogatives, and has been influenced purely by personal animosity in this affair, he will have good cause to regret it."

"Ah, Sire! but perhaps my father is being murdered this very minute!" cried Inoya, his eyes filling with tears.

"Yaritomo would not dare to do that. You need

have no fears on that score, my child. My orders will be immediate and decisive. The Court will decide the case. If your father is innocent, as I am very willing to believe he is, he has nothing to fear. So go on with your studies, and await the result with patience. The decision of the Court will be final."

It was the rule at the University that an imperial visit should conclude the exercises for the day; so the students soon dispersed, and Inoya, with a light heart, hastened home to impart this good news to his friend Miva.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FALL OF THE CHIRO.

WHILE a special courier from the Mikado was hastening toward Nagaharon, the fortunes of war decided the fate of the castle and its inmates. The siege had lasted ten days, but Yévas had not gained an inch of ground, and there was nothing to indicate that the garrison was becoming short of provisions. A close observation of the defender's movements, and particularly of their fire whenever the assailants approached the moat, convinced the gallant captain that they were few in number, probably only four or five men at most.

Under these circumstances, his request for reënforcements seemed ridiculous, and he began to fear that his military reputation would suffer when the real number of the castle's garrison became known. Besides, Darli-Richita, or rather Asama, had acquired such celebrity during the Civil War that his capture could hardly fail to reflect great credit upon the person who effected it.

All these reasons suddenly decided Capt. Yévas not to wait for the arrival of reënforcements, but to take the castle by storm, if possible. After making numerous soundings himself at night, he became satisfied that the moat was quite shallow in some places; so he sent

out several stalwart men to get together a large quantity of fagots and brush, out of which he made several hundred fascines, to facilitate the passage of his men across the moat, and prepared for a decisive attack.

He kept this determination a profound secret, however, and up to the very day on which the assault was to be made, there was no change in the soldiers' duties or habits. Yévas simply confined himself to increasing their rations, and giving them a cup of *saké* when evening came. It was not until tattoo had sounded, and all the fires had been extinguished, that he summoned his non-commissioned officers and apprised them of his intentions. In an hour, every man was in readiness, each armed with five fascines and his rifle.

Two attacks were to be made simultaneously upon points not yet designated, for Yévas was a brave and experienced soldier, who trusted nothing to chance, but provided for every emergency.

About midnight, two columns were formed, and when they had approached within about one hundred yards of the moat, one on the north, the other on the south side, of the *chiro*, the captain gave the signal for the attack.

The defenders were not asleep, however, though the tranquillity of the previous nights would certainly have justified them in relaxing their vigilance; but Dañli-Richita's practised ear had distinguished the sound of the woodman's axe the evening before, and understanding the significance of it, he was expecting an attack. But what could four old muskets do against one hundred and fifty men, provided with all the appliances of modern warfare? In ten minutes the castle was in the enemy's hands.

The column on the north side of the castle, after speedily effecting the passage of the moat with the aid of



“THE DAIMIO STILL HELD HIS ANTAGONISTS AT BAY.”





their fascines, set half a dozen ladders against the walls, and promptly scaled them. There was no moon, so the defenders' fire did very little damage. Meanwhile, the column which had followed out the same programme on the south side of the castle, had been equally successful. An entrance into the *chiro* having been thus secured, there was nothing left for the assailants to do but force their way into the subterranean apartments, in which Daïli-Richita and his followers had barricaded themselves, and as Yévas held undisputed possession of the upper part of the castle, and even the garden, he waited for morning to come before completing his work.

At daybreak he set some sturdy men to work with axes to break open the barricaded doors and windows which gave access to the lower rooms. Each of these openings was vigorously defended, and cost two or three of the assailants their lives, to say nothing of several who were severely scalded by a huge basin of boiling water which Tokiwa poured down upon their heads; but the last obstacle was finally overcome, and at the command of their leader, the entire company burst into the room. The first man who entered had hardly crossed the threshold, when Daïli-Richita's sword was buried almost to the hilt in his breast, and he sank to the earth without uttering a sound.

The Daimio, brandishing his bloody sword, rushed forward to plunge it into the heart of another adversary, but the soldiers beat down his weapon with the butt end of their guns.

The struggle was too unequal. One after another, the Daimio's three servants fell dead or wounded at his side, and he himself was gradually driven to the farther end of the room, where he still held his opponents at bay.

“Surrender!” cried Captain Yévas, touched by the old hero’s courage and misfortunes. “Resistance is useless. We admire your valour, but Fate is against you.”

“I can still die!” responded Daïli-Richita, with a bitter smile, plying his sword fiercely all the while.

Just then a despairing shriek from his daughter pierced his soul.

“Help! help! father!” she cried.

Daïli-Richita glanced in the direction from which the appeal came, and saw that a brutal-looking soldier had seized Marusaki by her long hair, and was about to plunge his blood-stained sword into her breast.

Fortunately, Captain Yévas, too, had noticed this horrible incident, and rushing up to the soldier, tore Marusaki from his grasp and carried her, half-swooning, to her father.

“Daïli-Richita, live to protect your daughter!” he cried. “Surrender, and I promise to take her with you to Tokio; if you perish, I cannot answer for her safety or even for her life. She will fall into the hands of the victors, and I may be powerless to save her from their brutality.”

Daïli-Richita gazed wildly at the officer. His haggard features worked convulsively; his face became death-like in its pallour, and tears mounted to his glittering eyes. At last, detaching his two swords, he extended them to Yévas, with a gesture that was sublime in its pride and dignity.

“I surrender!” he said, in a hollow voice.

A shout of triumph burst from the men, but Captain Yévas silenced them with a look; then, turning to the Daimio, he took the two swords by the points, and bowing almost to the earth, returned them with chivalric grace to the defenceless enemy.

“Take back your weapons, most noble Daimio!” he said. “Your courage is an honour to your native land, and never will a poor worm of the dust like Yévas rob you of them. Deign to follow me, with your daughter, and I will conduct you to our august master, the great Mikado, who will decide your fate!”

A look of gratified pride illumined the Daimio's countenance. With a trembling hand, he took the proffered swords, and again fastened them in his belt.

“Noble Yévas,” he said, in a voice that faltered with emotion, “if anything could overcome the bitterness of defeat, it would be to surrender to an enemy like you.”

“Your words of praise are precious, indeed, to me,” responded the young captain, again bowing low. “When will it please you to follow me?”

“Whenever you so desire,” answered Daïli-Richita, gloomily. “The vanquished must learn to obey.”

Yévas gazed sympathizingly at the unfortunate Daimio, who was still supporting the form of his half-unconscious daughter.

“It is the fortune of war,” he murmured. “It was that and not your courage that betrayed you.”

He ordered his men to follow him, and went out. A horse, saddled and bridled, was soon brought to the entrance of the castle. Yévas himself escorted his prisoner to it, and held the stirrup while he mounted. A palanquin was then brought, and Marusaki was placed in that. Then the young captain, concealing his delight at his triumph as much as possible, sprang lightly into the saddle, the drums beat an advance, the soldiers presented arms as the prisoners passed through their ranks, and the *cortége* took up its line of march for Tokio.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A PRISONER !

**F**AIITHFUL to his promise, M. Duplay, without losing a moment of time, endeavoured to interest his influential friends in the unfortunate Daimio's behalf, but his efforts and theirs proved utterly futile, on account of the stand which the Mikado had taken in the matter.

"Japan, gentlemen," he said firmly, though very courteously, "is no longer an absolute monarchy. Justice alone rules here. This case will be submitted to the courts, in accordance with the laws of the land. If Daïli-Richita has been guilty of rebellion against the Government,—as everything seems to indicate,—he must be punished. If the Governor of Tokio has exceeded his powers, his superiors will understand perfectly what they have to do. A sovereign should not interfere in such cases. The law must take its course, and not be hampered by any outside influence."

After this formal announcement, and the publicity which had been given to it, there was evidently nothing to do but await the decision of the courts. And this M. Duplay had been obliged to do, though not without chagrin, as he considered himself the direct, though involuntary, cause of the Daimio's present misfortunes.

Contrary to the hope expressed by Captain Yévas, the Mikado had absolutely refused to see the captive, who had been taken straight to prison upon his arrival in Tokio.

Daŕli-Richita was consequently waiting anxiously for the day to come when he was to appear before his judges. The time dragged heavily, and the hours he spent in brooding over the events of his past life seemed long, indeed. In imagination, he once more saw himself young and powerful, and honoured by all in his ancestral home. Suddenly his country had undergone a transformation that rendered it scarcely recognizable. The institutions he had revered all his life were demolished; he took up arms in their defence, was vanquished in the struggle, and compelled to lead the life of an exile. He returned as a fugitive to the home of his forefathers, lived there for years in poverty and obscurity, without hope and without ambition; and there, at last, his bitter enemy hunted him down, and completed the work the Civil War had begun.

All this seemed hard, indeed; but the Daimio could have bidden farewell to life without regret if the thought of his daughter, the gentle Marusaki, had not filled his heart with the direst forebodings. What would become of her, poor child, left alone and friendless? Would it not have been better if she had succumbed to the fatigues and perils of the siege? As he gazed on her, here in the prison, where she had insisted upon accompanying him, the Daimio's heart failed him. He felt almost certain that he would be condemned to death, and though the thought of leaving his daughter penniless and unprotected seemed hard enough to bear, there was another thought that caused him even more poignant anguish.

Strange as this cause of mental perturbation may appear to a foreigner, Daŕli-Richita feared that, on condemning him to death, the judges appointed under the new *régime* would not recognize the privilege to which he

was entitled as a Daimio; the privilege which, in his eyes, was the most precious of all, viz.: the right to take his own life by disembowelling himself, in accordance with the ancient rites of *hara-kiri*.

The sense of honour is very keen in the Japanese heart, as is natural in a country where the feudal system prevailed for so many centuries. A Daimio's and Samurai's symbol of rank has always been the right to wear a sabre, and his most highly-prized prerogative was that of dying, if need be, by this same sabre. Singular as this custom may appear to us, it really has its origin in some of the noblest and most elevated instincts of the human race. Revolutions have put an end to the custom, at least in part, and the new laws strenuously forbid it, so there are no examples of it in these days; nevertheless, the representative of old Japan, the old-time Japanese nobleman, considers it the greatest of his hereditary rights, exactly as the privilege of being beheaded, instead of hung, was a sort of compensation for the loss of life to the French nobleman in former times.

Death had no terrors for Daïri-Richita; but to perish by the hand of the executioner, instead of his own, seemed to him the most terrible of humiliations. This fear tortured him day and night; and though he said nothing to his daughter about it, the horror of it was never out of his mind.

Marusaki had begged to be allowed to share her father's captivity, and Captain Yévas, feeling that she would be safer in the prison, granted her request. The keeper's wife, touched by the girl's youth and winning manners, had done everything in her power to make her comfortable. She had loaned her a screen, so she could partition off a little chamber for herself at night, and had even

loaned her her only pillow, feeling amply repaid for her sacrifice by the young girl's thanks. Every one who came in contact with her felt the charm of her gentle nature, and the contrast between the austere character of the father and the daughter's tender devotion was very touching.

The days passed slowly and wearily. Marusaki had suffered much during the siege, and the close, unwholesome air of the prison soon began to tell upon her. Her complexion lost its freshness; there were great circles under her eyes, and her slender form drooped, like a tall lily shaken by the wind.

"She is slowly fading away," thought Da'li-Richita.

Then he said to himself,—

"Is it not better that she should die than sink into poverty and disgrace?"

One day the father and daughter were sitting together in silence. The Daimio, with his head bowed upon his hand, was viewing his past life, as usual. Marusaki was engaged in mending an old silk *kimono* her father was to wear when he appeared before his judges.

Suddenly footsteps were heard, followed by the creaking of bolts and the grating of a key in the lock; then the heavy door, which is seldom or never seen in Japan except in prisons, turned upon its hinges, and a child rushed in,—a lad, who threw himself, sobbing, at the Daimio's feet.

It was Inoya, and he clasped his arms around his father's knees, and bedewed them with his tears.

"My father! my beloved father!" he sobbed. "Will you never forgive my flight and my disobedience? Oh, I was cruelly punished for it when I heard the castle was besieged! O my father! my dearly beloved father! tell me that you forgive your unfortunate son! Ah! if I had only known,—if I had only known!"

“My son, your grief does not surprise me,” said Daïli-Richita, kindly. “You have a generous heart, though you are rather self-willed and headstrong. I know how greatly you must suffer, and I am not disposed to increase your misery by needless reproaches. But, my child, I must tell you that what pained me most was that you left home under a false pretext, and without warning me. Would it not have been much better to have braved my displeasure, as became one of our race, and to have said to me, ‘Father, I care more for the instruction you deny me than for my own life?’ Seeing how ardent your desire for knowledge was, and how much more value you attached to the achievements of modern science than to the traditions of your forefathers, I might have changed my opinions, at least to the extent of complying with your wishes. But to sneak away like a thief, and then be compelled to beg your way from town to town,—was such conduct as this worthy of Daïli-Richita’s son?”

Overwhelmed with shame, Inoya buried his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly.

“You have chosen, my son,” the Daimio continued, after a moment’s silence, “and in the opinion of the majority of the world, you may have chosen wisely. Some day, when I am dead and forgotten, the Government may perhaps reward you for deserting the roof of an obstinate rebel!”

Inoya recoiled with a cry of horror.

“O father! father!” he exclaimed. “Do not insult me by supposing I would accept any such favours!”

The bitter sneer that curled the Daimio’s lip vanished when he heard this indignant protest.

“I believe you,” he replied. “You are *my* son, and you cannot be utterly devoid of honour. We will discuss the subject no further. Only remember that you must



take my place as your sister's protector when I am gone. You are very young, but this responsibility elevates you to the dignity of manhood before your time. The *chiro* can no longer be your home, and you will be obliged to live by the work of your hands. A few years ago, any daughter of our race would have found plenty of asylums worthy of her in this Empire. We have sacrificed everything for our cause, and, worst of all, I now see my son adopting foreign ideas and customs before my very eyes!"

"O father! dear father! do forgive me, I beg of you! I will give up everything! I will forget all I have learned, and become once more a submissive and obedient son! Only forgive me! forgive me!"

Marusaki, sobbing as if her heart would break, threw herself at her father's feet, beside her brother.

Dañli-Richita sat for some time, thoughtful and motionless. At last he placed his hand on Inoya's shoulder.

"Rise, my son!" he said, kindly, but sadly. "You talk of forgetting. Is that possible? Has not this love of foreign science already entered your veins and penetrated your heart, like a deadly poison? No, you cannot forget, and you must continue in the path you have chosen! I have reflected a great deal since your flight, Inoya. At first, I confess, my only feeling was that of indignation. I saw — I still see, perhaps — treachery in the intense love and admiration for foreign ideas that seem to have taken possession of you, and I resolved to exercise my parental authority, and compel you, by force, if need be, to return to the path your forefathers have trod. Then the words of that Frenchman, who did me such an injury by initiating you into what is called European civilization, recurred to my mind: 'Any retrograde movement is an impossibility,'

he said to me one day ; and, reviewing the history of past ages, I am compelled to admit the truth of what he said. No ; a man having once learned a thing, cannot unlearn it. 'It is the law of progress,' he remarked to me. As you have chosen this path, Inoya, you must follow it to the end. Study whatever and wherever you please. I shall oppose you no longer."

"Oh, what do I care for knowledge, or science, or for anything in the world, my father!" cried poor Inoya, in a voice broken with sobs. "What I want is your forgiveness. Say, father, that you will forgive me! If you only knew how I have suffered, and how great has been my remorse—"

"Yes, forgive him, forgive him, father!" begged Marusaki. "See how repentant he is! Forgive him, and make us all happy once more."

"I forgive you, my son," the Daimio said at last, with great solemnity.

And taking both children in his arms, he pressed them long and tenderly to his heart.

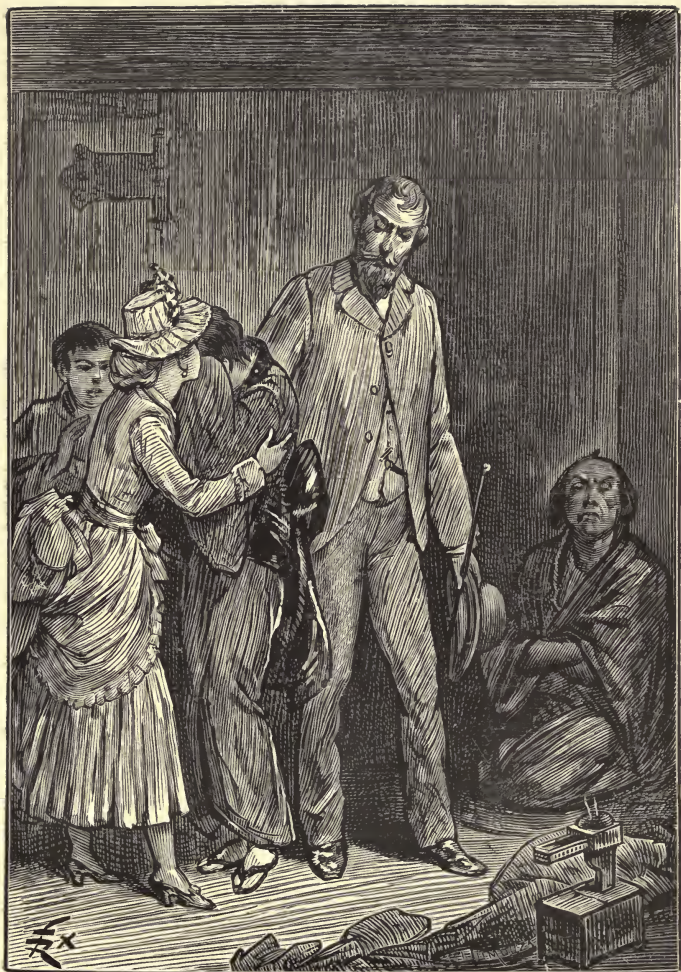
When they had partially recovered from their emotion, Dairi-Richita suddenly asked, —

"How did you succeed in gaining an entrance here, my son?"

"M. Duplay managed it for me."

"And how?"

"I do not know, but you have a true friend in him, father. Ever since he heard of your capture, he has been doing everything a man could possibly do for you, and he has been telling everywhere and everybody all he knows about your life and character. This morning, while I was almost crying my eyes out, he came to me and said, 'Here is an order, admitting you to the prison to visit your father,' and he brought me here himself."



“‘LEAVE US FOR A LITTLE WHILE, CHILDREN.’”



“May our gods reward him!” exclaimed the Daimio, with deep emotion. “Where is he now? Can I see him?”

“He is still here,” replied Inoya. “Alice, too, insisted upon coming to see Marusaki. If you knew how fond she is of my sister, you would love her as much as I do, father.”

Inoya ran to the door, and rapped. The jailer opened it, and while Darli-Richita was adjusting the folds of his *kimono*, worn and soiled by the long siege and his sojourn in prison, M. Duplay and his daughter entered the cell. Alice ran to Marusaki, and, bursting into tears, threw her arms around the poor girl’s neck, and kissed her again and again, while M. Duplay, taking both of the Daimio’s hands in his, pressed them warmly.

M. Duplay had made many inquiries, in a quiet way, with regard to the sentiments of the judges, and was convinced that they were inclined to show the prisoner no mercy, and that death would be his inevitable fate, inasmuch as they considered that he had aggravated his offence of former years by another act of rebellion. M. Duplay, though he did not share the opinions of the Daimio, felt only a profound pity for this representative of a lost cause, whose only crime, as it seemed to him, had been remaining more faithful to the traditions of his country than the country itself had done. It was certainly difficult for a foreigner to censure him very severely. The future of the Daimio’s two interesting children had also caused M. Duplay much concern of mind, and after carefully considering the matter, he had decided to promise Darli-Richita that they would always have a devoted friend and protector in him.

“Leave us for a little while, children,” he remarked,

after a few moments. "I wish to have a short conversation with the Daimio."

The two girls and Inoya stepped out into the corridor, and the two men were left alone.

"My friend, what do you think your fate will be?" inquired M. Duplay.

"Death," was the quiet response.

"You are man enough to look it in the face unflinchingly, so I shall not try to conceal my opinion in regard to the probable result of the trial from you," replied M. Duplay. "I think exactly as you do, but it is some comfort to me to see that this tragical termination will be no surprise to you."

"Death is nothing to a Japanese," answered Daïli-Richita. "There is but one thing that really troubles me. Will my judges grant me the privilege of *hara-kiri*, to which my birth entitles me?"

M. Duplay hesitated a little before replying to this unexpected question.

"I suppose you are aware, my friend," he said, at last, "that the Government has been doing everything in its power for a long time to put an end to this custom."

"Yes, I know that only too well," exclaimed Daïli-Richita, his brow darkening. "Are not all our most cherished beliefs and most sacred traditions being daily trampled under foot by these degenerate scions of the noblest of races? You call yourself my friend, and I believe you speak the truth. In spite of the gulf between us, I have felt a strong liking for you from the moment of our first meeting. Well, you have influence; exert it to the uttermost to ensure me the right of *hara-kiri*! Do not allow them to have me put to death by the hands of some base slave! Secure me the privilege of taking

my own life! Do this for me, and from the blissful abode of departed spirits I will bless you forever! The benediction of Heaven will descend upon your head, and upon the heads of your children!"

The Daimio had worked himself up into a state of excitement verging on positive frenzy. He sprang up and began pacing his narrow cell excitedly, his eyes glittering wildly. His emotion, which all his boasted stoicism was powerless to conceal, would have touched the heart of his bitterest enemy.

M. Duplay knew the Land of the Rising Sun too well not to understand how deeply this barbarous custom of honorary suicide is enrooted in the Japanese heart, and what a disgraceful and ineffaceable stigma attaches to death by the hand of an executioner. Nor was he ignorant of the *rôle* that a friend must play in the tragedy; so it was with profound emotion that he approached the Daimio, and extending his hand said, solemnly,—

"Daïli-Richita, here is my hand. You may rely upon me. All the influence I possess shall be exerted in the effort to secure you this last favour. I shall ask of you in turn, if you obtain it, the privilege of remaining with you and sustaining you in this passage from life into eternity."

The Daimio's countenance expressed the deepest gratitude, and his eyes filled with tears.

"May the richest blessings of our gods descend upon you!" he said, in a voice broken with emotion. "Yes, I see now that there are noble hearts among the foreigners I have so hated and despised; and one who can comfort and console the unfortunate as you can, is worthy of all respect. I thank and bless you with all my heart!"

"I came here, my friend," M. Duplay said, after a

moment's silence, "to assure you that after your death,—as that seems to be inevitable,—your children will not find themselves alone in the world. As long as I remain in this country they will be members of my household; and when I leave it, I will take them with me to Europe, or, if you prefer it, I will make the necessary arrangements to insure them a comfortable home here in Japan until Inoya arrives at the age of manhood, and is able to provide for his sister and himself. You will make your wishes known to me, will you not, in regard to the education and training you wish the lad to receive? You may rest assured that your slightest wish on this subject will be respected."

Darli-Richita made no response for some time. With his head bowed upon his breast, he sat lost in thought; but at last, raising his eyes, he fixed them gratefully upon M. Duplay's face.

"My friend," he said, "you have convinced me that nobility of feeling is not a matter of education or of surroundings. I have freely forgiven Inoya, already. Let the lad follow the instincts which Heaven seems to have implanted in his heart; let his intellect be developed in accordance with these new principles, which my mind can neither understand nor approve. He seems to be imbued with a love of study and an intense thirst for knowledge. What his ancestors knew will not content him. Let him follow the path he has chosen. I have already told him that I shall not oppose him. I know you think that it is only my duty to gratify him in this respect. I did not think so once, but now the near approach of death has led me to attach less importance to earthly things; I seem to see more clearly. I think—yes, I believe—that Japan will prosper under this new condition of things, and that



the day will come when she will occupy a prominent place among the great and powerful nations of the earth, — these very nations of which I know so little. Perhaps my son is destined to avenge his father's fate by adding to his country's fame some day. With a friend and counsellor like you, I have no fears for him. Whether he be in France, or in Japan, a lad reared by you must become a man of honour. I intrust him, as well as my daughter, to your care without a single misgiving, and thank and bless you from the depths of my inmost heart!"

M. Duplay, deeply impressed by the nobility of character displayed by the unfortunate Daimio, made some inquiries in regard to the course he intended to pursue during the approaching trial. Daïli-Richita repeated, with a quiet smile, that he had not the slightest doubt what the result would be; he would be condemned to death as soon as his identity was satisfactorily established. If the gods granted him the privilege of *hara-kiri*, it was all he asked; if that was denied him, he should put an end to his life in some other way, even if he was compelled to do so by dashing his brains out against the prison walls.

After a long conversation, M. Duplay recalled Inoya, and fearing his presence might prove a restraint, departed, in company with his daughter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE LAST HARA-KIRI — CONCLUSION.

THE day appointed for the trial came at last. As the Daimio had predicted, the proceedings were conducted in the most summary manner. Ushered into the presence of the three judges required by the new code of laws, the Daimio was immediately questioned with regard to his identity and the divers offences with which he was charged. He admitted them all with proud simplicity, and a few minutes afterwards heard a sentence of death passed upon him. The presiding judge having asked the prisoner, as usual, if there was anything he wished to say, Darli-Richita merely asked that he might not be denied the privilege of *hara-kiri*, to which his rank entitled him, and after a hasty conference, the magistrates concluded to grant his request.

The Daimio rose instantly, his face radiant.

“I thank thee, judge!” he said, with perfect courtesy and dignity.

Almost simultaneously a despairing cry, followed by a slight commotion, resounded through the court-room. It came from the prisoner's unfortunate daughter, who had fallen to the floor like a broken lily. At the same instant a child forced his way through the crowd, and falling on his knees before the Daimio, covered his

feet with kisses. It was Inoya. They tried to separate him from his father, in order to conduct the latter back to prison, but the lad clung to him so despairingly that the judges, moved with compassion, allowed them to be taken away together. Daïli-Richita was conducted back to prison, and preparations for the lugubrious ceremony were immediately begun.

The manuscript containing all the regulations which govern the rite of *hara-kiri* was consulted, for the custom had already become so nearly obsolete that it was little more than a myth to many persons, and the *prestige* surrounding the prisoner's name, and the wide publicity which had been given to his offence, made it necessary that the ceremony should be celebrated with *éclat*. As soon as the verdict was announced, young Tankar came, not only to offer his palace as the scene of the execution, but to ask to serve as *kaisha ku*, or second, on the occasion.

The *kaisha ku* is the kinsman, or intimate friend, whose office it is to strike off the suicide's head with his sword at the very same instant the latter plunged the shortest of his two sabres into his abdomen. This necessitates the utmost skill in the handling of a sword on the part of the second; and the book on the "Ceremonial" specially advises guarding against the selection of a very young or inexperienced man, or of one who is at all likely to lose his presence of mind in public.

Daïli-Richita, consequently, was still in doubt as to whether to accept Tankar's offer or not, when Captain Yévas put an end to his uncertainty by generously offering to fulfil the painful duties of second himself.

In the captain's opinion, and in that of the Daimio, as well, nothing could have been more flattering than this

offer on the part of a victor to his vanquished foe. Though Captain Yévas had completed his education at the best military school in France, he could not resist this sudden impulse to offer his services, so true is it that civilization is only skin-deep when it is not the slow work of centuries! It was still easy to find the former man under the European veneering with which New Japan had covered him. In his secret heart, Captain Yévas had no distaste for this bloody task, from which any foreigner would have recoiled in horror. If he hesitated at all before making the offer, it was not from any feeling of repulsion, but merely from a fear of compromising his reputation as a civilized soldier.

All things considered, however, he was inclined to think that his renown would be greatly increased by it, and no better proof of the accuracy of his judgment is needed than the mere mention of the fact that everybody in Tokio, even the members of the Diplomatic Corps, thought him very generous, as well as courageous.

It is needless to say that this last of the *hara-kiris*, reserved for the last of the Daimios, was the chief topic of conversation everywhere.

It was, accordingly, decided that Yévas should act as second, and that the execution should take place in Tankai's palace. That youth, quite indifferent to the wrath of his uncle, who was in mortal terror lest this step should excite the wrath of the Government, made all the elaborate preparations for the dread ceremony which had been customary in days gone by.

The walls of the entire lower story of the mansion were hung from floor to ceiling with white silk,—the mourning colour in Japan. Tankai scorned to protect these hang-

ings with cotton coverings, however, as a more economical host might have done.

“The blood of the noble Daïli-Richita will honour these walls,” he said, in response to his uncle’s protest, using almost the selfsame words employed by the code of instructions, which expresses the liveliest indignation against those who take such miserly precaution against thus injuring their property.

There was nothing else of an ornamental nature in the room, however, any display of luxury or bric-a-brac being considered in very bad taste on such occasions. Around a platform, erected in the middle of the room, were several tall lamps covered with white *crêpe* shades, while on the platform itself stood a small tabouret, upon which the fatal weapon was to rest, a tub, a lacquer bucket and a bronze censer. These articles, however, were concealed from sight by a screen.

Everything having been arranged according to the directions given in the “Ceremonial,” Yévas arrayed himself in a short white silk robe, not neglecting to place in his belt the sheet of paper on which he was to wipe his dripping sword.

This done, he opened the book on “*Hara-kiri*,” determined not to fail in one of the sacred rites, and carefully re-read the instructions, which even go so far as to specify which foot the executioner should use first when he advances to deal the fatal blow. It should be the left foot, the instructions say, and Yévas resolved not to forget this valuable counsel.

Then, picking up a sabre, he began to practise dealing sweeping and vigorous blows with it. For a second to fail to sever the suicide’s head from his body at the first stroke, would be a humiliation worse than death. Fortu-

nately, the young captain's arm was both strong and adroit, and satisfied that he would perform his task in a highly creditable manner, Yévas awaited the fatal hour with sadness, and yet not without a sort of satisfaction.

Night came, and a company of soldiers, with paper lanterns fastened to the end of bamboo poles, came in pomp to escort the prisoner to the place of execution. An immense but perfectly orderly and silent crowd had assembled outside the prison gates, to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate Daimio as he passed. In accordance with his promise, M. Duplay walked by the prisoner's side, determined to remain with him to the last, in spite of the dread the approaching ceremony naturally inspired, for M. Duplay possessed in a remarkable degree the power of adapting himself to circumstances, and heroically sacrificed his own feelings and prejudices, in order to be able to console an unfortunate friend.

They soon reached the residence of Tankaï, who, with Yévas by his side, was waiting on the threshold to receive them.

The condemned and the benevolent executioner bowed low to each other; then the captain, straightening himself up with a ceremonious air, said, deferentially,—

“As I am to have the undeserved honour of cutting off your head, permit me to borrow your own glorious sword for the purpose. It will doubtless be a great satisfaction to you to die by a weapon to which you are accustomed.”

Daïli-Richita bowed nearly to the ground in his turn; then, removing the longer of the two swords he wore in his belt, he handed it to the captain, and the entire *cortége* then entered the house.

On reaching the platform, the Daimio seated himself

as composedly as if he had merely come to pay a visit. His countenance expressed the most entire satisfaction, amounting, indeed, almost to joy.

Yévas stationed himself to the left of the prisoner. An officer stepped forward, and, kneeling, offered to Daïli-Richita the short sword, with a blade of razor-like keenness, which was to be used in the ceremony. This weapon was wrapped in a piece of silk-paper. The Daimio received it with respect, and even reverence, raised it in his two hands as high as his head, then deposited it on the tabouret in front of him. He then bowed low to the company.

“I thank you all,” he said, in clear, firm tones, “for thus honouring me with your presence at this ceremony!”

Kneeling, he undid his garments as far as the waist, taking care to place the sleeves of his robe under his knees, according to the instructions, in order not to fall backwards. A Japanese gentleman of quality must die leaning forward.

Then he stretched out his hand, and picked up the short sabre.

M. Duplay's blood curdled in his veins; nevertheless, he could not help watching all the details of the scene with poignant interest. Every eye-witness held his breath, and a death-like silence pervaded the spacious hall.

A moment more, and all would have been over! when the hangings that concealed the door were suddenly pushed aside, and a man's form appeared in the opening

“Hold! in the name of the Mikado!” he cried.

Everybody started violently. The prisoner's face assumed an almost ferocious expression, and he seemed determined to proceed with his frightful task even then; but M. Duplay took advantage of the excuse the unknown

officer's order afforded to snatch the weapon from the Daimio's hand, and hurl it far from him.

"Will you explain why I am interrupted in my sacrifice?" demanded Daïli-Richita, haughtily.

"The Mikado will tell you himself," replied the officer. "He will explain his wishes to you, noble Daimio! for I have orders to conduct you into his presence."

A detachment of the Imperial Guard, appearing in the door-way, gave a sanction to these words that no one thought of disputing.

Yévas, bowing low to Daïli-Richita, who still sat motionless on the platform, said,—

"Come! we must obey!" And having assisted him to rise and adjust his clothing, he gave the signal for departure.

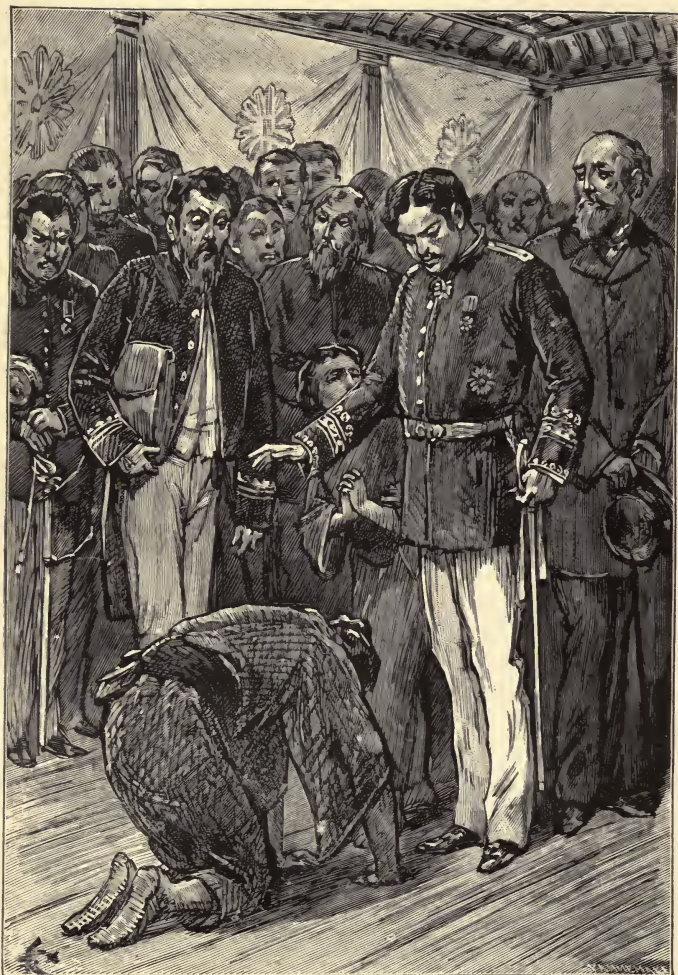
A procession formed spontaneously, as it were, surrounding the victim,—his friendly executioner, Tankaï, M. Duplay and all the other actors in the tragical scene,—and started for the palace.

The Mikado was awaiting the prisoner in the state drawing-room, surrounded by his suite. Inoya was beside him.

"What! noble Daimio!" said the Mikado, advancing toward Daïli-Richita, "did you suppose for one instant that I would allow such a sacrifice to be consummated? Are you one of the persons Japan can afford to lose without making at least an effort to retain them? Can you suppose I would prove so false to the principles that have governed my whole life as to consent to your death, when I need the assistance of every brave and intelligent subject in completing my work?"

"And you, Yévas!" he continued, turning to the young captain; "you whom I regarded as the pride of our





“‘I CONDEMN YOU TO LIVE,’ ADDED THE MIKADO.”



army, you could consent to lend a hand in a bloody work like this! Ah, sir! you almost make me believe that I still govern a nation of barbarians! Your punishment shall be the recollection of having even thought of putting an end to a life so precious!—

“For I condemn you to live!” continued the Mikado, again turning to Daïli-Richita; “to live in our midst, to see with your own eyes what modern civilization is going to do for Japan. Your punishment shall be to witness the triumph of what you have so unjustly loathed and execrated. But, no, I will not speak of punishment to an adversary like you! You still have a mission to fulfil in this world. Look at this lad, who came here a little while ago to throw himself at my feet, and whose filial affection conquered my just resentment! I could not deprive him of a father he loved so devotedly! Rear him as you please. In spite of your faults and prejudices, Daïli-Richita’s son could never become aught but a man of honour!”

“Sire, your magnanimity overpowers me,” replied the Daimio. “But know, O Mikado! that my heart has always been loyal to you, and that your greatness is my dearest wish! As for this child, I have promised already that he shall receive a modern education, and, come what may, I shall not retract my words!”

“I have discovered the whole truth,” remarked the Mikado. “I know now what I was ignorant of before. Yaritomo has been influenced entirely by a spirit of cowardly animosity. He is a traitor,—unworthy to serve any respectable Government! He will restore your property to you, and perhaps atone with his life for the crimes he has committed.”

“Spare his life!” said the Daimio, with an air of cold disdain. “He does not deserve the honour of death!”

“And you certainly should not deplore the fact that you have missed it,” said the Mikado, reading the Daimio’s thoughts. “Life is a good thing, after all, and you, of all others, have reason to consider it so. You will live to see your children and grandchildren grow up around you. The time for egotism and selfishness is past. Noble Daïli-Richita! come and take the place to which you are entitled in the councils of the nation!”

The Daimio, overwhelmed by so much generosity, was hardly able to respond to the congratulations lavished upon him; but the Mikado having retired to his private apartments, he soon managed to make his escape, accompanied by his son, radiant with happiness, and M. Duplay and Yévas.

The people were delighted to hear of their sovereign’s clemency, and Daïli-Richita was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of “Long live the Mikado! Long live Daïli-Richita! Hurrah for Japan!”

Several of the Mikado’s officers were sent to inform Yaritomo, or, rather, Yoshitsne, of his dismissal, but they found no one but his wife and terrified son at home. The governor, alarmed by news he had received, had ignominiously fled. No one knew what had become of him. The Daimio, forgetting his own wrongs, asked, as a personal favour, that his enemy should not be pursued, and even insisted that a suitable pension should be settled upon Mme. Yaritomo out of the property that had been restored to him.

Daïli-Richita manifested very little satisfaction upon again coming into possession of his property. The misfortunes that had befallen him would evidently cast a shadow over his whole life; but Inoya’s exuberant

happiness and his brilliant successes at school seemed to alleviate his melancholy a little, as the weeks went by. Marusaki, too, soon afterwards married the young and wealthy Tankai, a union most pleasing to the Daimio, as he could scarcely have found a more congenial son-in-law. A renewal of intercourse with the world, long conversations with M. Duplay, and intimate association with the Mikado's advisers, all helped to make Dairi-Richita much less intolerant in his opinions; and he finally came to the conclusion that though this infatuation for everything foreign might be unreasonable and even absurd, Japan might nevertheless be the gainer by contact with other nations. Not that the former glory did not eclipse the present in his opinion; but he was, at least, forced to acknowledge that he had no right to immure his son in a buried and well-nigh forgotten past, and to say to a bright and ambitious mind, "You shall remain closed forever."

M. Duplay remained in Japan several months longer. Gerard and Inoya became more and more intimate, and on M. Duplay's departure for Paris, he obtained the Daimio's permission to take his son with him and keep him there several years.

The journey was one long dream of delight to Inoya. The reader can imagine the lad's delight at seeing the world,—his artless wonder, and his naïve criticisms on French customs and manners.

After his return to Japan, he often whiled away the long evenings by telling his father and old Miva—who was an honoured member of the home circle—of the many wonders he had seen.

"All these things are very fine, undoubtedly," the Daimio would sometimes remark, "but I much prefer the Japan of old to any of these modern inventions."

Inoya did not attempt to argue the point. The many new things he had learned never led him to forget the filial respect that is considered a Japanese child's first duty, alike in ancient and modern times.

THE END.











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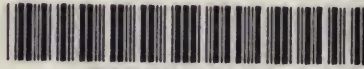
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